THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MEMORIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY E. A. VANCISE.

O, there are many olden scenes,
That from the past come back to me,
Like ships that from a foreign clime
Come freighted o'er the summer sea.
The train of years comes trooping by,
And each its separate offering brings,
While sweeter, sadder far than all,
I hear the song that memory sings.

I hear the breathing of the winds,
I catch the fragrance of the flowers
That come across the wave to me
From early love's elysian bowers;
I see the face affection prized,
I hear the tones of maiden love,
I feel the glance of eyes that beam
For me in golden lands above;
I hold once more a little hand,
As oft I held it long ago,
And as I feel its tender press,
The tides of feeling madly flow.
Once more upon my faithful breast
I feel her gentle head recline,
Once more her luscious lips are prest
In love's delirious kiss to mine.

O, ever through my daily toil,
My truant thoughts will fain recur,
And through the windings of the Past,
Go wandering hand in hand with her.
The while I sleep her shining eyes
Infuse their lustre in my dreams,
And o'er my midnight's wakeful hours,
The starlight of her memory streams!
I hear the sound of olden songs,—
The melodies of buried years,—
And half in sadness, half in joy,
My eyes are dim with starting tears.
O, blissful dream of halcyon love!
O rapture now forever fled!
Still encased in my bosom rest
The hallowed memory of the dead!

THE STORY OF LOUISE AND HER LOVERS.

Once upon a time, nearer yesterday than a hundred years ago, there lived a certain Baron von Arnfeld. Have you ever heard of Bergdorf? It lies about three-quarter's of an hour's journey by the omnibus from one of the largest and most important cities in the north of Germany. In that country, as I dare say you know, they have a way of reckoning distance by time; they will seldom tell you how many miles it is to such and such a place, (though they have miles of their own, good stiff ones, too, equal to between four and five of ours;) but it is so many hours by the railway, or so many to drive, or, again, so many to walk. I have mentioned the omnibus, not because it is my favorite means of locomotion—quite the contrary—but because these vehicles ply between the city and Bergdorf at all hours of the day, and because everybody between the rank of a prince and a beggar rides in them. Bergdorf is a pretty village, quite country-like, the houses not being built in stately terraces, but detached or semi-detached, with pretty gardens before them, screening them from the broad Land-strasse, along which roll our friends the omnibuses, while both sides of this same Land-strasse are planted with linden trees, beneath whose overhanging shade of leafy green is pleasant shelter when the summer sun shines hot.

Such is, or at any rate such was, Bergdorf when the Baron von Arnfeld lived in it.

The baron in person would have made a splendid model for a Hercules; he stood six foot three in his stockings, and was broad of limb and strong of sinew proportionately. In his youth he must have been a remarkably handsome man, and now, though the snows of some sixty winters had silvered his head and extinguished the fire in his eye, his form was as upright as ever, and he looked every inch a baron. Poor man! he had little beyond his looks wherewith to support his dignity. The baron von Arnfeld, his father, himself one of a large family, had had fourteen sons, all, by right of German law and custom immemorial, Barons von Arnfeld, though the baronial estates, by constant division and subdivision, had dwindled down almost to a fraction. Our baron, Rudolph by name, tenth of the fourteen, had inherited a certain Gut, or small estate, called Friedrichshuld, on which he had resided in earlier years; but finding farming a plain and palpable present loss, with a hope of future profit so remote and dubious that there was reason to fear the whole Gut would be swallowed up in mortgages before the turning of the tide, he wisely resolved upon letting the same and retiring with his wife and three daughters to live at Bergdorf, on the rent of his paternal inheritance. The baron was a good husband and father, and could be a pleasant companion enough when he chose, but he was extremely self-opinionated, and when in one of his argumentative moods often showed himself the reverse of agreeable. He had strong prejudices, and the strongest of them all were against England and the English. He had never himself been in England, could neither read nor speak the language—the one sole utterance he had acquired being the words "pass the bottle," which he delighted in quoting, as the form of speech ever on the lips of the drunken islanders.

The Frau Baronin, his wife, was a sweet and gentle lady, becoming well her title of Gnädige Frau, by which the people all around addressed her, although she by birth belonged to burgher rank, and had only been raised to the Adel, or nobility, of which the Germans are so proud, by her marriage with the baron. Her face was still fair at the time when I saw her, and must have been most beautiful in her youth, more beautiful than any of her daughters, now in the full charm and freshness of theirs.

The names of these three young ladies were Sophie, Adele, and Louise, re-christened by their father, *das Herz*, *der Geist*, and *der Korper*, or Heart, Mind, and Body, names allowed by all who knew them to be not inappropriate.

Sophie, the eldest—das Herz—was, it must be confessed, rather plain-looking. She had weak eyes, and a complexion which was far from suggesting the idea of lilies and roses; I am afraid I must call it muddy. She was tall and well-grown, and her figure was by the family considered good, but it was lacking in grace, the unnaturally small waist being suggestive of stays in a painful degree. Nevertheless, Sophie had assuredly the kindest and best little heart in the world—a large heart, and not a little one, by the way—a heart which, if it could plot that torture of its own body in the matter of stays, had certainly never caused a moment's pain to any other body, ever since the day it first began to beat. Sophie's was not what would be called a gushing nature, on the contrary, she was quiet and undemonstrative, but she seemed instinctively to anticipate everybody's wants, and to have a heart-felt, if silent, sympathy for everybody's joys and sorrows. Her hands, if not quite so soft and white as they might have been, were always busy, and seldom in behalf of the individual body to which these members belonged. Was any one sick, Sophie was the gentle, thoughtful, untiring nurse. Nothing could ever ruffle her even temper, no envious or unkind thought ever found a place in her mind. All the girls could knit and sew, brew and bake, wash and iron linen, and do a hundred other domestic offices, which even the daughters of a baron are not above learning in Germany (in our baron's establishment there was, by the way, but one small maid of all work, receiving her twelve thalers, or scarcely £3 yearly wages,) but none of them could do these things so well as Sophie.

Adele, the second sister, would very soon convince you of the justice of her title as der Geist. Her education intellectual had been deficient and imperfect, many a little schoolgirl of half her years could have stumped her in questions of history and geography; literature and science were all but empty names to her, but the mind was there; you read it at the first glance in her face, in the broad forehead and clear, intelligent eye; you discerned it ere you had been half an hour in her company in some acute, original remark, some ready answer, or even brilliant repartee. Adele might have been pretty but that her nose was so sharp, and frequent ill health had induced a stoop to her shoulders, had rendered her complexion sickly, and spoilt the beauty of her teeth. It might have been this same ill health, too, or it might be Dame Nature that had given Adele not quite so sweet a temper as either of her sisters, but in spite of this Adele was a dear, good girl at heart, and at all times an agreeable, lively companion.

As for Louischen, the youngest, the reason of her nom-de-guerre was apparent to the eye. She had the dowry of her mother's beauty, her figure was tall and sylph-like, her features were regular, her eyes of the hue of the violet, and her whole face beamed with animation and happiness. Nor must I leave it to be supposed that her beauty was Louise's only recommendation, the charm that is to cover a multitude of sins, she is the heroine of my story; and although that story will not show her in the best light, will bring her in guilty of the meanness of a deceit I cannot justify, yet I would remind my reader of the old saying which declares that all is fair in love or war, and I would have them to know that Louise, though by no means a perfect character, was not without her virtues. She had quite sufficient sense, and abundant good nature, she was entirely free from vanity and affectation, her light heart and childish love of fun made her the life of the whole house. When need was she could cook the dinner, or iron the shirts almost as nicely as Sophie, but the latter would generally take all such work out of her hands, for Louise was her eldest sister's especial pet, and the spoilt darling of the whole family. Moreover, Louise had two avowed admirers of the other sex, which was more than either of her sisters had as yet, and I now proceed to introduce this pair of gallants to your notice.

Herr Cæsar Tischmann was first cousin of the lady at whose shrine he worshipped; he was her mother's nephew, consequently had no drop of the baronial blood flowing in his veins. He was a young man of average talent and unexceptionable moral conduct, and by reason of one or the other, or both together, joined to some interest with an influential patron, he had obtained the directorship of some iron works in the neighborhood of Bergdorf, with an income which had quite a prodigious sound in thalers, and it is only milords English, you know, who can afford to reckon in pounds sterling. I think these same thalers had something to do with the fact that the Herr Baron and the Frau Baronin favored the pretensions of their nephew to the hand of their daughter, the pretty Louise; but although the latter was a good, obedient child in the main, in this instance she appeared disposed to be quite wilful and rebellious. The Herr Director—such was his title—the Germans dearly loved their titles, not only never missing an opportunity of using them themselves but bestowing them on their wives, so that Louise, if she had married Cæsar, would have become the Frau Directorin, or Mrs. Directress of the iron works!—well, the Herr Director was her cousin, so he had his privileges of relationship; he was often at the house, it was Cæsar and Louise between them, they even called one another Du—sweet, tender sound to German ears—but whenever the gentleman tried to discourse von der Liebe, the lady was deaf, or still more provokingly turned that most sacred of themes into ridicule. Cæsar was not handsome, possibly Louise might have seen somebody more nearly resembling Adonis; Herr Director though Cæsar was, he had rather the air of a shopman, or at best a banker's clerk, and Louise may have fancied she had elsewhere beheld a more aristocratic bearing; Cæsar was good-natured, too, but in that no better than many a fool; he was very much in love, but therein, perchance, he might even be equalled by somebody else. And who was somebody else?

The Baron von Arnfeld lived at Bergdorf in a small, unpretending dwelling, which, in the advertising columns of an English newspaper, might be called a semi-detached villa residence, and in the other semi-detachment lived one Herr Hubner. This Herr Hubner was a merchant, a young man, married—so don't prematurely suppose *him* lover the second—who had not been long in business, and who, though prospering well, did not yet think himself too rich or too big to live in a semi-detached villa at Bergdorf. He had lived there rather more than a year at the time of my story, taking the omnibus every morning into the city to business, and taking the omnibus out again every evening to wife and to home at Bergdorf. He was not a remarkable man in any way, neither was his wife remarkable, save that she was an Englishwoman. I do not know how Herr Hubner came to marry an English wife, nor where he met with her, suffice it to say he had met with her somewhere, and had married her, and they seemed a happy couple enough. They had one little baby boy, but there was at present another inmate in their house beside themselves, and their baby boy, and their servants—namely, a brother of Madame Hubner's.

This young gentleman's name was Charles Howard; he was very handsome—or, at any rate, Louise von Arnfeld thought so—and he had come to Bergdorf about six months ago, at the invitation of his sister and brother-in-law, with a view of learning, and eventually becoming a partner in the business of the latter. I am not sure whether Charles Howard claimed any relationship with the Dukes of Norfolk, but he was of good parentage, and himself rather disdained his present destiny; being, however, a younger son of a large family, it was thought quite a grand opening, and he had chosen passively to submit rather than actively to rebel. He already knew something of the language when he first came to Bergdorf, and now, at the end of six months, he could, and very often did, discourse quite fluently thereto to his pretty neighbor Louise von Arnfeld. There was only a slight low railing dividing the two gardens, and whenever Louise in [illegible] would come out to busy herself among her flowers, Charles Howard, if he were at home—and it was at those hours when he was at home, I think, that the fair apparition showed herself the oftenest—Charles Howard would always find it pleasantest to smoke his cigar outside, and neither the cigar nor the slight low railing were any impediment to conversation. By-and-by Charles Howard began to think to himself that if he were to be a merchant, and to live in Germany, it might be as well that he should have a German wife, and in that case he could never find anybody who would make half so nice and so pretty a one as Louise. He was certainly very young to think of marrying yet, at scarcely one-and-twenty, but then Louise was very young, too, only just seventeen, and they both could wait a little while if need were.

And Louise? I shall not tell all the thoughts that passed through *her* mind; suffice it to say that, whenever she compared the two, she found the Englishman in everything superior to her cousin the director.

Not so, however, the baron and the baronin. The baron's strongest prejudice, I have said, was against England and the English. Charles Howard might be a good enough young man in his way, and the baron would not unfrequently offer him hospitable entertainment and civility of a certain sort, but the idea that one of that nation should run away with the choicest flower in his garden, the fairest daughter of his, the baron's house, was gall and wormwood to him. It could not, should not be. And the baronin, like a good wife, felt with her husband, and had, moreover, a special preference for her own nephew. Louise read the minds of her parents plainly enough; indeed it was not seldom that they expressed themselves openly to her on the subject, and since she was a good girl, and would not act in open contradiction or defiance of her father and mother, her own mind was bent on one purpose, on the accomplishment of one object, being nothing less than the making them see with her eyes and perceive with her mind, and confess with her understanding that Charles unto Cæsar was—Hyperion to a satyr. A difficult purpose, a hard, seemingly unattainable object this; but Louise had the spirit of a conqueror; she held, moreover, the creed of the Jesuit, that the end sanctifies the means.

Among the best friends of the Arnfelds at Bergdorf were one Herr and Madame Werner, a worthy couple, who had been united in the bonds of matrimony very nearly five-and-twenty years. Now, in Germany this twenty-fifth anniversary, or silver wedding, as they call it, is ever kept as a festival—a festival to be rivalled and exceeded only by the golden or fiftieth anniversary, which it is only given to few and favored mortals of this short-lived dispensation to celebrate.

On the 15th of September would fall the Werner's silver wedding-day, and my tale opens in the first week of August preceding, and finds the united families of the Arnfelds and Werners assembled at the house of the latter, discussing what shall be the form of rejoicing for that eventful day.

The Werners, though not rich people in an English sense of the word, are considerably better off than the Arnfelds. Their house is larger, and wholly instead of semi-detached. It is not, however, in the house we shall find the party; the evening being warm and sultry, they have preferred to sit in the garden. A long table has been brought outside and placed in full view of the Land-strasse, and the good Sophie von Arnfeld is assisting Dorette Werner to spread the substantial Abendessen. Dorette is the only unmarried daughter of the house of Werner; a comely maiden, united by some similarity of character and of taste in special bonds of friendship with Sophie von Arnfeld. The rest of the party are gathered round the table; old Werner and the baron, encouraged rather than checked by the presence of the ladies, are smoking their cigars serenely, their respective wives are as placidly happy over their knitting; der Geist has the daily newspaper before her, out of which she occasionally reads a paragraph for the delectation of the general company; while der Korper, affecting to be industriously embroidering the baronial coronet on a square cobweb of cambric, is really the idlest of the party, her tongue moving, however, much more rapidly than her needle.

"Come, Kinder," said Papa Werner, slowly removing the cigar from his mouth, "time presses. Which of you will cut this Gordian knot?"

Louise eyed each of the dishes, which had been placed on the table for the evening meal, separately, then turned her bright face towards Herr Werner inquiringly.

"Is that something new Dorette has cooked for us?" she asked. "I never heard such a funny name. It's not on the table yet, I'm sure, or I would cut it for you with pleasure."

Herr Werner laughed, but none of the ladies shared the joke. Adele colored, for she—der Geist, too—had never heard of the Gordian knot.

"Never mind, Louischen," said Herr Werner, when he had had his laugh out, stroking the young lady's glossy brown hair. "I'll tell you a story. Once upon a time the Phrygians—a people, my

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE GATE OF ROSENBORG CASTLE.

Our illustration represents the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Rosenborg Castle, Denmark, on Monday, the 19th ult. This edifice, built by King Christian IV., is approached through a park or public garden, and over a foot-bridge crossing a moat that at one time surrounded the castle and formed an important element in its defence. The building is in the style of Italian Renaissance, grafted on the ancient Gothic of Northern Europe. Inigo Jones, at that period chief architect to the King, is said to have furnished the plan for Rosenborg. The interior is in exquisite order, and, but that the notions of the present day on the score of comfort would conflict with the size and distribution of many of the apartments, it might again become a royal residence. In the entrance-hall there are some tables curiously inlaid with maps showing the extent, at the date to which they belong, of the Danish dominions, and likewise the knowledge of geography which the seamen of that period had acquired. A long corridor with a richly wrought ceiling gives admission to the first suite of apartments. It is enriched with a valuable collection of portraits, and contains many objects of antiquarian or artistic interest. The history of the Danish wars with Sweden is displayed upon the walls in admirable tapestries, and the ceiling of the Riddersaal, or Hall of the Knights, is embellished with sculpture in relief. The floor of this apartment is of wood, painted to represent marble. The coronation chairs are placed at the upper end of the Riddersaal, and in front are the colossal silver lions allegorically representing the Great Belt, the Little Belt, and the Sound. In all state ceremonies these play a leading part, and, with the regalia, are appropriately lodged in the same house which holds the coats, arms, jewels, paintings, and relics of the Danish kings for two centuries. The collection of Venetian glass in a small room off the Riddersaal was a present made to one of these sovereigns. It is very extensive and of rare value.

dom, of ancient Greece—consulted the oracle about making a king, and were advised—"

"Hermann," interrupted Madame Werner, "is it a long story? We wanted, you know, to talk about our silver wedding."

"And you can't see what my Phrygians and their king have got to do with it. Wait one moment." And Herr Werner proceeded to tell the story of Gordius and his knot.

Afterwards he went on: "Once upon a time, a little later in the world's history, there lived, not a king nor a queen, but a plain and silly old couple, who, in celebrating their silver wedding, wished that their friends should enjoy themselves, but did not know how to make them. This was their Gordian knot. Whoever unfastens the same receives, if not the dominion of Asia, the best and sincerest of thanks."

"Let me be Alexander," spoke the baron von Arnfeld, "and the thing is soon done. Give a banquet, man—a supper to your friends. I will supply the carte, and you shall take thought but for the payment." And the baron, who was a bit of an epicure, smacked his lips as he passed in imaginary review the meats and the drinks his soul loved.

"We'll have the supper," said Madame Werner, "but there must be something else. One does not keep a silver wedding every day."

"Neither do people give suppers, such as I propose, every day," sighed the baron.

"I am decidedly for doing something besides eating," put in Adele. "Could we not act a play—a little comedy of some kind that would amuse people?"

"There is no time *for* stupid people to get up their parts. And I am one of the stupid ones, alas!" cried Louise. "I vote for a ball. And, oh! Madame Werner, do let it be a fancy ball—it would be such fun."

"*For* the young people, possibly," said the baron, dubiously.

"Oh, yes; and those who don't like need not wear fancy costume," continued Louise.

Sophie, Adelle, Dorette Werner, all caught at the idea. It would be charming—nothing could be half so nice. The elders raised a few more objections, which were, however, speedily defeated by the young people, and it became finally agreed that Herr and Madame Werner should give a fancy ball on the occasion of their silver wedding. Next followed a discussion of the guests to be invited, and the evening meal proceeded amid much animated talk and laughter. By-and-by the sound of wheels was heard along the Land-strasse.

"Here comes the omnibus from the city," exclaimed Sophie.

"And Mr. Charles Howard in it," observed Madame Werner. "Run, Hermann, and ask him to join us," she added to her husband, who hastened to comply. "A nice young man, Mr. Charles Howard," went on Madame Werner.

"Charming," pronounced her daughter, with enthusiasm.

"So handsome," said Sophie.

"So gentlemanlike and agreeable," said Adele.

The baroness did not speak, but glanced at her youngest daughter, who was also silent, and on whose fair cheeks a heightened color was plainly visible. The baron's eye followed the same direction as his wife's, and then he said: "Mr. Charles Howard is a thorough Englishman." A short oracular dictum, which spoke volumes from Herr von Arnfeld; and he had not time for more, for the Englishman—the charming, nice, handsome, gentlemanlike and agreeable young man—was now seen approaching the party with Herr Werner. A friendly greeting went round, and Mr. Howard took his seat at the table by the side of Adele, and opposite Louise.

"What do you think, Mr. Howard?" said Dorette. "Herr and Madame Werner are going to give a fancy ball on their silver wedding day. Won't it be nice?"

"You must not expect Mr. Howard to agree with you," said the baron. "The English all dance badly, and they are too proud ever to like what they cannot do well."

"I am an exception, then, to the rule," observed Mr. Howard, smiling, "for I am very fond of dancing."

"An exception to which—the rule of dancing ill or the rule of pride?" asked Adele, archly elevating her eyebrows.

"Oh! I only claim for myself exception from the national pride," answered the young Englishman; "the other I leave for your charitable decision."

"I don't dance," said Adele. "I'm such a poor, weak piece of goods; but I'm sure my sisters will dance with you, if you ask them."

Sophie smiled assent, but Louise said, mischievously, "Perhaps they will, and perhaps they won't. You might leave them to speak for themselves, Adele."

"Don't you think its far pleasanter having tea out in the garden than in the house?" inquired Sophie of Mr. Charles Howard.

"Infinitely pleasanter," was the reply.

"Such a thing would, however, be practically impossible in your damp, chill, English climate," remarked the baron, shivering, as though in idea he felt everlasting fogs closing round him.

Mr. Howard always made a point of allowing the baron's assertions to pass uncontradicted. "Yours is indeed a fine climate," was all the answer he now made.

I shall not transcribe further the conversation of that evening. The sun had long set, and twilight was fast deepening into gloom ere the Arnfeld family rose to take leave of their host and hostess. Of course Charles Howard accompanied them home, managing to take Louise under his special escort. The two walked a little behind the others, out of sight, and out of hearing. The bright stars shone out above them, and both time and place favored the indulgence of sentiment. I incline, however, to think that the chief subject of discourse between them was the silver wedding, and a little plan or stratagem which should be carried out in connexion therewith. What that plan was we shall see by-and-by.

Two or three days later an omnibus halted before the semi-detached cottage tenanted by the Arnfelds, and out sprang no other person than Herr Director Cæsar Tiechmann.

"Good morning, fair cousin," he called to Louise, who happened at that moment to be watering her geraniums in the garden. Mr. Howard was not visible, being, doubtless, at that early hour of the day, absent at his brother-in-law's counting-house in the city.

Louise looked uncommonly pretty in her simple cotton dress, with her large white straw hat, trimmed with its blue ribbons, shading her forehead. She set down her watering-can, and gave her hand to her cousin.

"Welcome, Cæsar," she said, smiling sweetly on the young man, and thereby raising him to the seventh heaven of delight. "Papa and mamma are gone to town with Adele, but Sophie and I are at home, and we bid you welcome. Shall we go in now to Sophie?"

"No; let me speak to you first. See here," and Cæsar drew forth from his waistcoat-pocket a small, pink-tinted, delicately folded note.

"Looks uncommonly like a billet-doux. Who is the lady, Cæsar?" inquired Louise, still smiling.

"Ah! you're not jealous a bit," he returned. "'Tis only an invitation. Herr and Madame Werner are going to give a fancy ball on the 15th, their silver wedding day."

"Wonderful news, truly. What shall you say when I tell you that fancy ball was all the offspring of my fancy?"

"Indeed, then, I guessed as much, and came here to-day, not hoping to bring you news, but to consult you about my dress. What shall you wear, Louise?"

"Rather inconsequent that, isn't it?" she replied, laughing. "You don't propose that we should wear the same? In that case, I wonder whether your directorship would think it most fitting for me to assume masculine garb, or that you should appear in petticoats?"

"You are laughing at me, Louise," the young man said, in a disappointed tone; "you never will understand the interest I feel in the smallest thing you do, and how I would fain be guided by you in all things."

"Even making me comptroller of your wardrobe. I am much obliged to you." Then, seeing her cousin looked hurt, she added in another tone, "Don't be offended, Cæsar, I have been hoping you would come to-day all the morning, and if you will grant me one request, I will not only choose your character for you, and tell you what mine is to be, but I will promise to dance with nobody but you all the evening."

"The Englishman not excepted?" asked the Herr Director, who had been more than a little jealous, and now doubted his ears.

"Without exception—with nobody but you—I have said it," affirmed Louise.

"Name your request," cried the young man, rapturously.

"That you will not come here again, that we do not meet till we meet at the fancy ball."

Cæsar's face again became overcast:

"For five whole weeks! oh, Louise, how can you ask it?"

"I have a reason, which you will know afterwards. If you grant my request, I promise to dance only with you the night of the fancy ball," she repeated.

Cæsar hesitated. Five weeks of voluntary exile, out of sight of the face which made the sunshine of his life, out of hearing of the voice which was its music, seemed indeed insupportable. But then, on the other hand, if he disregarded the loved one's request, if he intruded himself against her will into her presence, what might he expect? No sunshine surely then would beam on him, no soft music fall on his ear, he would meet but her anger and haughty displeasure. At the ball too, then, he could hope not even once for the favor of her hand, he must endure to see her whirling round in the arms of that hateful Englishman. While if he did her will, if he submitted himself to these five weary weeks of banishment, there was for him a triumph at the end of it such as he had never yet, even in his dreams, hoped to enjoy. His mind was made up.

"Be it so," he said; "and now what is the character you have chosen for me?"

"I shall take the part of Titania, and you must be Bottom, the Weaver."

Louise had not read much, but she was familiar with Shakspeare, as most Germans are, through Schlegel's admirable translation. Herr Tiechmann recoiled, as well he might.

"Ass's head and all! You must be joking, Louise," he protested.

"Indeed, I never was more in earnest," the young lady retorted. "Those are my terms, and I will hear of none other. I wonder, indeed, you could suppose for a moment I should compromise myself in the eyes of a whole ball-room by dancing the entire evening with you, if we appeared in merely ordinary characters. Now, as Bottom, the ass's head will serve as a mask, and you, if you like, may preserve your incognito; or should it even be discovered, my infatuation will be viewed but as part of the play, which we have resolved, for the fun of the thing, to act to the letter."

"Very well for you, but I," said poor Cæsar, "do not much relish making a bona fide ass of myself."

"You can then decline our agreement," said the obdurate young lady.

Again Cæsar stood irresolute, and again a second time he yielded:

"Women have made fools of men before now," he said. "You may make anything, even an ass of me, if you like, though I can't say *I* see the fun of the thing. And now you must tell me where I am to procure this most honorable disguise. I suppose you don't expect me to slay the animal myself for the sake of his skin and his ears?"

"Now you're a dear good Cæsar, and my own darling cousin," said Louise, all smiles and gratitude. "No, he shan't have to murder an innocent donkey. Go to Roper's, in the Berg-strasse, and he'll furnish a mask to order, which shall transform you into a perfect representation of the creature, ears and all. And now," she continued, placing her little hand confidingly on his arm, "I am going to take you into the house, Sophie will be so glad to see you, and you must spend a long day with us."

"Before banishment," murmured he. "Oh! Louise, why—"

"Hush! no more questions," she interrupted, laying her finger on her lip. "And, recollect, not a word to papa and mamma when they return."

Herr Tiechmann did spend a long day at Bergdorf—long in reality, though to him the hours seemed winged. Louise had never been so charming, never half so gracious to him before. The Baron and Baronin von Arnfeld returned early in the evening, and appeared to feel almost as much satisfaction at the change as the young man himself.

"The girl will come to her senses in time," whispered the baron to his wife. Then aloud to Cæsar, as the latter at length rose to depart: "You must come to see us soon again. Do you know I have felt several times to-day a twinge of pain in my foot, such as generally precedes one of my gouty attacks. I shall expect you, as a dutiful nephew, to come and inquire after me in a day or two."

Cæsar gave a rueful glance at Louise, of which, however, she appeared quite unobservant; then saying:

"I am always only too glad of an excuse for coming, uncle," he wished good-night all round, and turned to the door. Louise followed him to the garden gate.

"Remember," was her parting word.

"If your father should be really ill, will you not relent, Louise? He will think my absence so unaccountable."

"If you were as fond of me as you pretend, you would care more for what *I* think. Papa will not be really ill; you know his attacks at this time of year never are serious. If it were so, I should send you word, of course. Now good-by till the 15th of September." And withdrawing her hand from her cousin's pressure, she ran back to the house.

Before she went to bed that night she spoke to her sister Sophie:

"Do you think papa meant what he said when he told Cæsar he thought he was going to have an attack of gout?"

"I don't know, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Because—oh, Sophie, don't think me wicked, but I can't help feeling I should be glad—I mean, if he were not very ill, it might help to bring about what I wish if he were laid up."

We will not follow further the conversation of the sisters. The next day the baron was manifestly unwell, and the third he kept his bed. He was at all times subject to rheumatic gout, but in the summer, if he suffered at all, the attacks were slight. This one, however, seemed about to be an exception to the rule. The baron's great toe was violently inflamed. He shrieked with pain if the afflicted member was ever so slightly touched. Louise was her father's devoted nurse. It was, as I have said, generally Sophie who took this office, but now her younger sister insisted on superseding her. She—Louise—must needs make the gruel—must carry it up-stairs—must read the paper to him when he was freer from pain, at his bedside.

"Has Cæsar been here?" inquired the baron of his daughter on the fourth day.

"No, papa; but Mr. Howard has just called to inquire after you. He desired his compliments, and left a book which he thought perhaps might amuse you."

"Humph!" said the baron, turning his face to the wall, and moving his gouty foot impatiently, which action did not improve his temper.

During the afternoon of the next, or fifth day, the baron again questioned Louise whether his nephew had not been there. Being again answered in the negative, he muttered, angrily:

"Why does not somebody write and tell him I am ill?"

Louise hesitated for a reply. At length she said—(naughty Louise! this was very mean and treacherous on your part:)—

"Dear papa," she said, "you yourself asked him to come to see you; you foretold your present illness. Should he not come without further solicitation?"

Again the baron turned himself in bed, with a smothered exclamation, whether of pain, or anger, or wounded sensibility, his daughter could not tell, but from that time forward he never again mentioned his nephew's name during the whole time his illness lasted. Meanwhile, Charles Howard paid his daily visit, made his daily inquiry, and almost daily found something acceptable to send up to the baron's sick room. At length, when the invalid was progressing fast towards convalescence, not having yet left his room, but having exchanged his bed in the day-time for an easy chair, Louise ventured timidly to ask whether Mr. Howard might not be allowed to see him. He, Mr. Howard, "evidently wished it so much." A gruff and somewhat surly assent it was the baron gave, but still it was assent—that was enough for Louise. The Englishman was henceforward admitted to a daily interview, which every day increased in length. What passed during these private interviews nobody knew, but Charles Howard must have used his weapons skillfully, since one day Louise overheard the following tete-a-tete between her father and mother:

"What a pity that young fellow should be an Englishman," said the former.

Quoth the baronin: "Well, Rudolph, when one comes to consider it, he is but half an Englishman after all. His sister married a German, and he himself has come to live in Germany, and wishes to have a German wife of his own. Trust our Louise for making him all German to the very backbone."

"And yet," pursued the baron—"and yet, Dorothea, you were once as much against it as I was."

"Yes, but then I did not know him, nor how well he will in a year or two be able to provide for our child, nor how sincerely they were attached to one another. I loved Cæsar, too, and never would have believed he could prove himself such a base, ungrateful wretch."

Oh! Louise, Louise! did not your ears burn, did not your conscience smite you as you listened to the unjust accusation? I cannot at all defend my heroine, and think it must have been so.

The long-expected 15th of September arrived. The Baron von Arnfeld, though now entirely convalescent, declared himself unequal for the evening campaign. The ball he resigned with real indifference, but it was no affected sigh of regret which rose to his lips as he thought of the supper of his favorite mock turtle ragout and pate de fois gras, of the bumpers of choice Rhenish and champagne flowing freely, but not for him.

Frau von Arnfeld, in the costume of Marie Antoinette, looking almost as youthful and as lovely as that beautiful and unfortunate queen might have done in her best days, was the chaperone of her three daughters. Sophie, dressed to represent Night, wore black, and over it a long dark-blue veil, spangled with silver stars. Adele appeared as a Fiorianderin, in short petticoats and bodice, her hair hanging behind in two long plaits, tied with gay parti-colored ribbons, having in her hand a basket filled with choicest flowers. Titania wore a robe of airy white, with wings of silver-tissue fastened to her shoulders, and a glittering silver tiara on her head. She was, perhaps, rather too tall for one's ideal Queen of the Fairies, but her figure being slight and graceful, the dress suited her well, and her beauty, at all times noticeable, was this evening more striking than usual. Excitement had lent a deeper flush to her cheeks, a greater brilliancy to her eyes, and when with her mother and sisters she entered the ball-room, she became at once the observed of all observers. It was a pretty scene altogether; Dorette Werner's hands had added some tasteful decorations to the room; most of the guests wore fancy costumes, and not a few had made a happy and effective choice.

Charles Howard was one of the few who appeared in plain evening dress. He came forward, among others, to greet Titania, but she seemed to bestow little notice upon any of them, while her eyes glanced restlessly round the room in search of some object which apparently she failed to discover. At length the band struck up a waltz; Titania received numberless entreaties for the favor of her hand, but she turned a deaf ear to them all. Suddenly the door opened, and there appeared a figure so eccentric that the dancers stopped to look, and the band halted for a few moments in their music. The lower half of the figure had the semblance of a man, and was clothed in a workman's blouse, while its head was the head of an ass! No sooner had this strange monster shown itself in the doorway than the Queen of the Fairies moved with alacrity towards it, almost precipitating herself into its arms. The pair were going to dance together. The band resumed the strains of the waltz, and while the other dancers all stood still to gaze, the remarkable couple commenced whirling swiftly past them. The lady trod lightly indeed as a fairy, seeming scarcely to touch the ground, but the gentleman, encumbered perhaps by his heavy boots or his unusual headgear, moved as awkwardly as the clown he represented might have done. The comedy was instantaneously apparent to the whole company. It was Titania and Bottom; but who was it had undertaken the ungraceful part of the latter? "Who can it be?" was whispered from one to another; but people for the most part only shook their heads and wondered. If a few did guess it was Herr Director Tiechmann, they kept their suspicions to themselves. Very soon the company tired of being only spectators, and resumed their part as actors in the scene. The ball was kept up with spirit until supper, which was served in truly magnificent style; then again dancing recommenced, and was continued until dawn had long been visible in the eastern sky. Well did Titania perform her part; she kept all her favor for Bottom; with him only she danced; by his side she sat at supper; for him were all her smiles and pleasant talk and laughter. Was Charles Howard jealous? He did not show it if he were, though he did not dance much, and was quieter than usual.

"The day after to-morrow, under the lindens, at seven o'clock in the evening," whispered Titania to her partner, as he led her from the ball-room and placed her in the carriage by the side of her mother and sisters.

"I will not fail, my fair one," responded Bottom, or Cæsar—whichever you like to call him—tenderly pressing the little gloved hand.

The next day Charles Howard did not go to his counting-house in the city at all, but spent it entirely with the Arnfelds.

It is now the evening of the day after—a lovely evening, the softest zephyrs stirring the still, silent air, and the sun sinking to his rest in a gorgeous "daffodil sky." The Bergdorf church clock has just struck the hour of seven, and in the avenue of limes just opposite the church a solitary man lingers, evidently on the look out for some one, for he turns his head almost every minute, and often stands still as if listening. By-and-by the sound of advancing footsteps is heard; a lady and gentleman, arm-in-arm together, are approaching the solitary watcher. The latter, expectant though he was, is evidently surprised at the sight that meets his eyes. This was not what he expected. He starts, rubs his eyes as if to make sure of the vision, colors, looks disappointed, annoyed, angry. The lady leaves the gentleman on whose arm she is leaning, and going close up to the other, she says, in a serio-comic tone, waving her hand towards the companion of her evening walk:

"Titania begs leave to introduce her Oberon." Then more seriously, in a half repentant, beseeching way, she continues: "Oh, Cæsar, my good cousin, do not be angry. I know that you have reason, that I have not treated you fairly, and I beg you a thousand pardons; but now listen to my excuse. Charles Howard and I have loved one another from the first; I had no affection to give you beyond that of a cousin. My parents preferred you to him. I did not wish to act against their wishes; I could not feel as they did; I wished to make them feel with me. The only way I could think of for attaining this object was by keeping you out of the way. Forgive the artifice I used for this purpose. Oh, Cæsar, I know it was very wrong, but I confessed all yesterday to mamma, and she has forgiven me, and she will tell papa, and get him to forgive me; and they like Mr. Howard now, and with their consent yesterday we were betrothed. Oh, Cæsar, say that you forgive me, and will come again to Bergdorf as you used to do, and will shake hands with Mr. Howard, and be our good cousin always."

Cæsar hesitated a little; he *had* cause to be angry, and he was angry, but he did shake hands with Charles Howard, and I believe that eventually he did forgive Louise, and was present at their wedding some two years afterwards. Since then he himself has also married, and I have reason to believe that both are very happy couples.

AN ELEPHANT AND BULL FIGHT.—When the elephant was brought to the Place des Taureaux a fiery young bull was turned out. The bull advanced against his terrible adversary without the slightest fear. He attempted to flank him, in order to wound him; but the elephant, exhibiting an equal agility in his motions, did not suffer him to approach. Finally the bull attacked him in front; but, everywhere confronted by the formidable tusks, which interposed an impregnable barrier, he did not succeed in wounding him. At last, in one of the assaults, the bull succeeded in thrusting his head beneath the tusks, but before he could penetrate the tough hide of the elephant he fell to the earth. The spectators only saw the elephant bend his head slightly and rest the extremities of his tusks, which had been plunged, upon the back of the bull. From that moment the bull was *hors du combat*, and when they afterwards killed him it was found that three ribs were completely crushed by the almost imperceptible movement the elephant had made in holding him with his tusks.

☞ Mr. Disraeli has made one of his magnificent speeches at an agricultural dinner in Buckinghamshire, in course of which he alluded to the American war, stating, "I ventured to say that it would be a long war, because the causes had been for a long time in preparation. The emancipation of a race, the creation or the defence of national independence, or the maintenance of a great empire—when causes of this kind lead people to enter into war, they must not be confounded with those comparatively small causes which have brought about the generality of European wars in modern times."

☞ A sharper who took passage in one of the steamships from Bremen to New York, persuaded the emigrants that nothing but greenbacks were current in this country, and induced them to sell their gold at a discount of 30 per cent. He made $2,000.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number. The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a Sewing Machine on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be departed from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

OUR SCHOOLS.

The following testimony in reference to the bad effects of the high-pressure system which obtains so generally in our schools, both public and private, is from the recent report of John D. Philbrick, Superintendent of the Public Schools of the accomplished city of Boston—where they are nothing if not intellectual. Be intellectual or die, we believe, is the rule of society at Boston. Mr. Philbrick, who has had a long experience as a teacher in addition to his experience as Superintendent, says:

"I am fully convinced that, in some of these schools, the pupils are overworked—that they are overworked to such an extent as to constitute an evil of great magnitude. This evil exists in both the upper and lower classes, but it is more fully developed, and more injurious in its effects in the highest divisions, where the pupils are competing for medals. It is found in the schools for boys, as well as in the schools for girls, although it is more general and more harmful in the latter. The baneful effects of this mistaken system are not limited to a few individual pupils, who come to school in delicate health, and without the ordinary power of endurance. They are destructive to the health of scores and hundreds who commence their school life with sound and vigorous bodies. This hurtful system operates in three ways to the injury of pupils—physically, by preventing bodily exercise and recreation; mentally, by exacting too constant and too severe intellectual application; and morally, by unnecessarily tempting children to deceive in order to escape the consequence of failures in lessons."

Of course we cannot expect in this part of the world to exert much influence upon the management of our public schools, so long as the directors of such schools are chosen by political conventions, with the usual strict regard to the soundness of their party faith and their general incompetency. When, however, the same change shall be made in this respect as has already been so successfully made with regard to other departments, and the appointment of School Directors be intrusted to the Judges of our higher Courts, we may hope to have the direction of our Public Schools put into the hands of men all of whom at least know how to spell, and a majority of whom have some local reputation for scholarship and intelligence. Until that good time comes, probably it is in vain to attempt to do much with our public schools.

As to our private schools, however, the classes who control them, teachers and patrons, are generally men and women of fair education and at least average sense. If it can be shown to these that our present system is not sufficiently general, and thus not sufficiently harmonious and thorough, inasmuch as it almost ignores the cultivation of the physical powers, they have the remedy in their own hands, and we shall have new schools instituted upon a wiser system, if the old ones cannot be reformed. The military drill, which already has been introduced into so many private schools for boys, is a step in the right direction, and shows how soon correct principles begin to embody themselves in our impressible and sensible American community. Dio Lewis's new School at or near Boston is another instance—and as the demand increases, the supply will also increase. For all intelligent Americans feel that the destiny of their country is to aid in the improvement of the manhood of the race. The best proof of the goodness of institutions, political or social, is the result—the quality of man and woman they produce. Europe has shown what can be done for a class, by sacrificing a large proportion of the nation to its development. Our mission is to show that superior results can be attained, not only for a class but the whole, by striving for the good of all, and sacrificing none—not even the very least and obscurest. To show on an immense scale that the good of all is the good of each—that Selfishness is simply folly. To do this, our education must aim to develope and perfect all the powers of the being, physical, mental and spiritual. And, inasmuch as the development of the physical nature is, in the order of growth, first, that the education of the young should not neglect—whatever else is neglected—the harmonious and graceful development of the physical being.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. Published by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. The October number of this valuable Quarterly is on our table.

A Political Parrot.

EXTRACTED FROM DICKENS'S ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A warm day in spring in New York often means a hot day, such as oppresses London in August. The air seems full of gold-dust heated to the boiling point, and a native American takes to ice cream and brandy smashes remedially.

I was on "the shilling side of Broadway" (I do not know the origin of this designation) on one of those hot mornings in spring, when the cosmopolitan disposition to ice cream impelled me into a confectioner's shop. The back parlor of a former aristocratic dwelling was the refreshment-room. Its large windows looked towards the east, and the room was flooded with sunshine, such as a Londoner is never blessed nor blinded with—for there are two sides even to the subject of sunshine. In the warm heart of the light there was a brilliant green parrot, fastened by a silver chain to a perch, where she seemed to rest from pure choice. She was singing as I never heard a parrot sing—with human naturalness and rollicking joyousness. The song, an ancient favorite with a certain class in the land of its birth, had met favor with all classes in the land of its adoption:

"Oh, it's my delight on a shiny night," &c.

She sung it all, without once stopping or breaking down.

The waiter, who wiped the small table where I had seated myself, and handed me the daily paper fastened in a machine lest it should run away, remarked:

"Twenty year old, if she's a day!"

I gave my order, and then listened to the song until it was finished, as a respectable audience should, not interrupting to applaud. Then I said, "Bravo, Polly!"

The parrot turned her head, and looking at me sharply, said, rapidly:

"What's your name? What do you want? Can you whistle?"

"What's *your* name?" I replied in Yankee fashion, answering one question, or three, with another.

"Pretty Poll, pretty Poll, poor Poll! Polly wants a cracker! Polly Brown, Polly Brown, Captain John Brown's bird, ship 'Midas.' Bought of a nigger king on the Gold Coast for a pair of red breeches and a roasting-pig. Brought to Philadelphia in eighteen hundred forty. Don't you know the devil's dead? Choked to death with a Quaker's head. Captain Brown's bird. Captain Brown's a Whig—wears a clean shirt."

This sent the parrot's associations to sea, and she proceeded to heave anchor with a will, changing merrily to sailor songs till an imaginary storm came on. Then she gave orders through a speaking-trumpet, proving that she had been forgotten and left on the deck in a squall, and that she had not been so much frightened as to interrupt the progress of her education. When the storm was over, she took to the pump, and sang with a tenderness and fair-weather-after-a-storm sweetness:

Rock and roll me over, one more day,
One more day, my darling,
One more day;
O, rock and roll me over,
One more day.

The parrot's usual sharp barking inhumanity of voice was not present in this specimen. She spoke and sang like a music-loving negro of intelligence and European training. Doubtless her first lessons had been given by such a master. I am sorry to be obliged to record, that presently Captain Brown's bird began a running fire of very naughty words. As the Yankees say, "it would not be pretty" to repeat this portion of the bird's performance. Like a good artist, she did not allow her audience to tire from the length of any part of her entertainment. She came by sudden transition to the rehearsal of political contests. She elected General Harrison to the Presidency of the United States with great eclat, singing:

Have you heard the great commotion,
Motion, motion,
The country through?
It is the ball a rolling on,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van,
Van, Van, is a used up man.

The English reader may need to be informed that General Harrison, then candidate for the Presidency of the *then* United States, had once upon a time fought with some Indians at a place called Tippecanoe. A hero was wanted as candidate for the Presidency. The "Hero of Tippecanoe" was selected, and duly nicknamed "Old Tip," and was sung into office. "Tyler, too," became Vice President, because a President involves the sequitur of a Vice President. "Little Van, Van," who was "a used-up man," was President Van Buren at the time of his election, in the fourth year of his reign over the great Republic. The songs in this campaign, which were all faithfully remembered by the parrot, had a great family resemblance, and were not too reverent to be inconsistent with universal suffrage and the "sovereignty of the people." One of them sang to the tune of "O, Susanna," alluded to the residence of Mr. Van Buren, and the product of his kitchen-garden, in the culture of which he was supposed to have much satisfaction:

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still,
I dreamt I saw Old Kinderhook
A comin' down the hill;
A cabbage stump was in his mouth,
A tear was in his eye,
Says he, we are beaten, North and South,
But Johnny, don't you cry.

Johnny was President Van Buren's only son, and a celebrated Democratic "stump orator." The family residence was at Kinderhook.

The next "Presidential campaign" rehearsed by the bird was that in which Mr. Henry Clay failed to be elected. The refrain of one of the songs was sung to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker:"

Get out of the way, you're all unlucky,
Clear the track for old Kentucky!

Millions of men, North, South, East, and West, had sung the same doggerel to the same negro music, with the same host of torchlight processions and tar-barrel bonfires, that the parrot was now singing in the soft sunshine of early spring, in the metropolis of the great Republic.

Captain Brown's bird was a living history of much that had not found record elsewhere. When at last she ceased to sing, I turned to the table, to find a melted ice cream and an iced sherry cobbler awaiting my leisure. I paid proper attention to the legitimate fluid, and was paying my score, when a young girl, as pretty as young American girls often are, brushed past me, and past her faded and attenuated mother, who sat at the receipt of cash, evidently going to school; for she had a book and a porcelain slate in her hand. The parrot cried out briskly, "Maggie, have you got your Geography?" She replied, "Yes, I have," and went her way. The feminine cashier assured me that the parrot knew the meaning of all she said, and all that was said to her. The proprietress believed in her rational powers as fully as the negroes believe in those of the monkey. "I only wish," said she, "that she would not say so many things that are not pretty."

Should the age of the parrot be correctly estimated by naturalists, this same bird may live to celebrate a dozen more Presidential elections: or perhaps the inauguration of an elective monarchy.

Captain Speke's Adventure with a Boa Constrictor.

At the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched, a hunt was set afoot, and Captain Grant, myself, and some attendants, were soon making our way to "the path." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippopotami, and we were, therefore, obliged to wait the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed; and after a long delay, we were about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming up of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river. Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecting his object, fired. McColl shot a fine young buffalo cow, whilst Capt. Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo, and several spears, cast by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport for that day. I had sprung forward, immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim, and pulled the trigger of my second barrel. At the moment of my doing so a wild cry of alarm uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing round, my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Capt. Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous.

My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, whose hideous head and neck, projected some distance into view, showed that he was about to make a fatal spring. His direction was certainly toward me; and as he flashed from his position like a thunder bolt, I gave myself up, for ere aid could have reached me, fold after fold of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I fell, seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange, indescribable scuffle ensued. In the midst of this terrible strife, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second victim, and even after the time that has elapsed since then, I still recollect with what vividness the thought shot across my mind, that this second victim was Capt. Grant, my noble companion. At last, after being thus whirled about for several seconds, each second seeming to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness as of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that, I saw Capt. Grant levelling his rifle towards me, while, standing beside and behind him, were the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm only had been caught in between the buffalo's body and single fold of the constrictor. The limb lay just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was ironlike in hardness.

As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me, for if he refrained, I might possibly escape, after the boa released his folds from the dead cow. But should he fire and strike the reptile, it would in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared to fully comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended on the will of the constrictor. We could see every line on each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered at him, had I dared. But the boa's head was raised within a few inches of mine, and the wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

Presently the serpent began gradually to relax his folds, and after re-tightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one that held me prisoner; and as I felt it little by little unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm uncontrolled by my will might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay. And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and then farewell to the sources of the Nile. Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes and saw them still gazing as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head and saw its bright deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey.

Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now, a little more, until half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one was easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable movement? I decided upon the former; and, with lightning speed, I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the same instant. For the first time in my life, I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-conscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous, dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass and bushes and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. This monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two inches and a half in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that, to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by MRS. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ Booth, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth; but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied he, "the bridge is gone?"

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

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A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order*.

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SALE OF FAST HORSES, ETC., AT BALTIMORE.—The late William McDonald's great sale of private stock took place on October 25th, and was attended by over five thousand persons from Maryland and nearly all the adjoining states. The sale was at his country residence, Frank Bennett, auctioneer.

"Flora Temple" brought eight thousand dollars, purchased by G. G. Presbury and a gentleman of Philadelphia. "Guilford," the stallion, was bought by A. W. Sandford, of New York, for thirteen hundred dollars.

"Lizzie McDonald" and colt, thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, bought by M. Dougherty, of Baltimore. The Chicago team, "Harry Clay" and "Dutchman," bought by L. Knight, of New York, for sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. The two Arabian mares brought twelve hundred and fifty dollars. Two celebrated dogs brought one hundred and fifty dollars. The five elks purchased by H. H. Porter, of New York, for the King of Sardinia, for two hundred dollars apiece, to be shipped immediately. "Gray Beard" and the brown mare were withdrawn. The celebrated Bird gun brought thirteen hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The entire sale amounted to over thirty thousand dollars.—*Correspondent of Philadelphia Inquirer.*

☞ The Paris *Revue des Deux Mondes* says that an English emissary in Madagascar talks as follows, in his efforts to discredit the French missionaries: "My friends," said he lately to his Madagascar hearers, "properly speaking, there are only two religions—the English and the French. But you will say, which is the best? The English one—and for a very simple reason—because Jesus Christ was born in England. There He lived, there He preached, and founded His Church. Many times the French wanted to get Him among them; but He never would go to Paris, preferring to stop in London. Now you know why our religion is the best."

☞ GREATEST CONCERT ON RECORD.—When the Boston Fire Department played on eighty piano-fortes at one time, at the burning of Hallett & Davis's manufactory.

LATEST NEWS.

General Gillem defeated Vaughan's rebel brigade at Morristown, in east Tennessee, on Friday. The enemy was driven in confusion many miles. The celebrated McClung battery and about 500 prisoners were captured.

The rebels were defeated in a late attack on De Soto, Alabama. Hood is said to be again attempting strategical movements, and trying to get in the rear of Sherman. Paducah is said to be threatened again, on the Ohio.

Imboden's command attacked the garrison at Beverly, W. V., on the 29th, and after two hours' fighting were sent off with a loss of about half the whole force. Our loss was but 30.

Gen. Price, at last accounts, was near the Osage, in Missouri, in full retreat, with our cavalry in pursuit.

Early has issued a lengthy order, attributing his recent defeat to the desire of his troops for plunder.

The President has issued a proclamation admitting Nevada into the Union as a State, in accordance with act of Congress.

The steamer City of Manchester, from Queenstown, on the 20th, passed Cape Race on Friday night. The political news is unimportant. The commercial failures in England continue. The Duke of New Castle is dead. A financial panic has occurred in Rio Janeiro, and four banks have suspended payment.

THE DEFEAT OF STERLING PRICE.—HE MAKES OFF WITH ONE GUN AND NO AMMUNITION—CAPTURE OF TWO THOUSAND PRISONERS.—St. Louis, Oct. 28.—Official dispatches from General Pleasanton give the following information in regard to his operations against Price:—He marched ninety-two miles in two days and fought during the last thirty-two miles. His force was less than six thousand, while Price had fully twenty-five thousand. Price has but one gun left, and no ammunition, he having blown up his train. He also burned four hundred wagons, to save them from capture. We have two thousand prisoners and several thousand stand of arms. Gen. Fagan is reported killed.

Price's army is completely disorganized, and flying in all directions.

☞ Henry de Hoghton, Bart., has been interesting himself in circulating a memorial from the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to the United States of America, entreating us *to stop the war*. It is said that the copy sent *over* contains more than 130,000 signatures. As if "to stop the war" were not the very thing that we are trying, with all our might, to do.

☞ If "cards," on nuptial occasions, are going out of fashion in England, *cartes* are coming in. Not long since (says a London paper) we read of small photographs of the bride, and indeed bridegroom, too, being sent around to friends, instead of the old enamelled, silver-ligatured pasteboards; but we have, within a week, seen the sun-painting process turned to a still more extensive account, in connection with these "auspicious occasions" in the form of large photographs of the bride, bridesmaids, bridegroom, and best man, all in one group.

☞ The Haytian senate chamber is undergoing renovation, preparatory to the formal opening of the legislative session this *year*. The main door of the chamber is to be surmounted by a large painting representing John Brown crowned by Oge and Chevanne—the two who in 1790 were put to a cruel death after capture in battle, because they had attempted to enforce the decree of the French assembly that the men of color should be admitted to the Colonial assembly.

☞ In Cornwall, England, a horse turned out to graze walked into the water and laid down with his head under. He was rescued and brought to shore, much against his will. Disappointed in love probably.

☞ The ancient Egyptians were certainly a people endowed with a mighty will, and carried that will into effect with mighty energy; for, while a hundred other nations have disappeared from the face of the earth, without leaving behind them even the slightest trace of their existence, innumerable forms, bearing the impress of incredible labor, and that in the most durable materials—gigantic crystallization, as it were, of primeval civilization—give us even now a clear view of the manner of their existence, and after a lapse of more than four thousand years, stand before us as perfect in preservation as of the last stroke had been put to them only yesterday. The Greeks might undoubtedly have derived from this people, in mechanical skill, everything; in design, far more than was formerly believed. —*Dr. Waagen.*

☞ The following is the verdict of a Saratoga county coroner's jury, empanelled to inquire into the cause of the death of Nathaniel Denton, while driving across the railroad track at Simon's crossing, about a mile and a half north of Ballston, who was struck by the engine of a train which he did not see, and which, from deafness, he did not hear:—"Nathaniel Denton came to his death by a collision with the engine near Simon's crossing, of which we exonerate the engineer from all blame. But, further, we think the deceased and the engineer might have seen each other, and perhaps, yes, very likely have saved his life, if the woodpile sworn to had not been there."

☞ POLITICAL ELIGIBILITY.—Hosea Biglow, in the following verse, gives his idea of a "commanding position" in politics:—

We'd assumed with gret skill a commandin' position,
On this side or that, *no one couldn't tell wich one*,
So, wutever side wipped, we'd a chance at the plunder,
And could sue fer infringin' our paytented thunder;
We were ready to vote for whoever was eligible,
Ef on all pints at issu he'd stay unintelligible.

☞ The rebel guerillas have an ugly machine for throwing trains off the track. It is something like the frog used in getting cars on the track. When placed on a rail it can scarcely be distinguished from the rail itself, and no engine can pass over it, even at the lowest rate of speed, without being thrown off. Six engines were thrown from the track this side of Atlanta before the cause was discovered.

☞ A Frenchman has discovered that by putting tan in potato hills when planted the potato rot may be prevented, and that potatoes kept in a cellar with tan are equally preserved from disease.

☞ Mr. Banting, the English anti-obesity man, has been trying his system with the Princess Mary, of Cambridge, whose embonpoint is troublesome to her. By abstaining from bread, potatoes and milk the lady wanes apace.

THE BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me;
Two rosy cheeks dented with a dimple;
Mother-bird is coming, baby; do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of ribbon,
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself as mothers will,
Spake I softly, "God in Heaven
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gear and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from Thee;
But from want and sin and sorrow,
Keep her ever pure and free."

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out for me no more;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white;
These are left me—and these only
Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest prayer,
Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain,
Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying.
But I miss her sadly from the window pane,
Till I look above it; then, with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
For I see her angel, pure and white, and sinless,
Walking with the harpers, by the sea of glass.

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me very earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars;
Baby's looking out for me.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER OWN WAY.

"I shall never recover from this blow," said M. Coulaincourt as his friend led him from the room in which he had been gazing for the last time on the body of his dead wife.

Henri Augrer sighed deeply, but though he had lived to know that time finds for all consolation, he did not attempt to console.

"Husbands have lost their wives before, I know—wives that they love—but remember how Cecile and I have loved each other since our childhood; remember all the obstacles that separated us for many years; remember how I toiled to make home worthy of her, and now but two years of happiness, two years of enjoyment for the work of a whole life. Oh! it is frightful! Cecile, my poor Cecile, how her eyes yearned towards me, till at last they closed forever. Oh! Henri, I can never know happiness again."

Henri Augrer led him silently to his study, and there sat by him whilst the widower paced the room, now talking of his dead wife, now sobbing like a child, now exhausted and weak, throwing himself on the sofa, and lying in the stillness of despair.

The laws of France prolong but twenty-four hours the survivor's watch over a dead one loved. Mme. Coulaincourt was next morning borne from her home, and in a few hours her husband returns to his desolated house, his heart nearly broken, his nerves worked up to the highest pitch by the horrible ceremonies he has witnessed.

Madly and with wild shrieks he now paces the room, thrusting from him all his friends; even Henri, who has asked to be left alone with him, is repulsed.

At last the door of the room opens slowly, and a lady in deep mourning robes, her face calm and solemn, but with red, tearful eyes, enters the room. She has in her arms an infant, whose long white robes form a contrast with her mourning garments.

Coulaincourt does not notice her, but she goes up to him, and as he stands beating his breast and sobbing wildly, she holds up to him the fair, sleeping child.

"She is another Cecile," said the lady in a low, calm voice; "and the Cecile that is gone left her to you, a memorial of your love and of the two years of happiness you passed together."

M. Coulaincourt sunk down on a sofa, gazed on the child as it was laid across his knees, and for some moments spoke not. Then at last, extending a hand to each of the friends who watched him.

"Sister," said he—"Henri, for the sake of the child, I will try to live."

Seventeen years after this, the door of this same room was opened, and a young, bright, beautiful face, with shining braids of chestnut hair around it, was thrust in.

"Eh? Father mine, why are you so long?" exclaimed a fresh young voice, and a light form bounded from the door to the sofa where Coulaincourt was seated.

"Cecile!" said Coulaincourt, looking up, a smile of joy beaming on his face.

"Yes, Cecile," said the young girl. "It really is very strange I cannot make you more obedient to your daughter, yet I'm sure I spared no pains in your education. Don't you know that breakfast is ready?"

"No, yes; I had forgotten it. I was thinking—"

"Thinking about what?"

"Well—"

"Now, sir, if you dare to have a thought you have not communicated to me, you had better look out."

"Indeed, I have not—"

"Let me cross-examine you."

"Well."

"Are your affairs in order?"

"Yes."

"Has no house where you had money failed?"

"None."

"Are you prepared to meet all your notes?"

"Yes."

"Have you made any bad speculation?"

"No."

"Are you not satisfied with Adrian?"

"Absurd! You know Adrian is devoted to me, heart and soul."

"Well, then, what were you thinking about?"

"You."

"How about me? And you dare to look serious, almost sad, when you are thinking of me? This is worse than anything. Pray, what thoughts could I inspire you with that could make you look sad and serious?"

"Thoughts inspired by last night's ball—"

"Why, they should be merry thoughts; wasn't I the very queen of the ball? didn't I dance every dance, and were you not surrounded by all the young men in the room?"

"Yes, granted I was and overwhelmed with wine and refreshments handed to me on all sides, and that has made me melancholy, for I am afraid of losing the treasure for which I have toiled these many years."

"Why? Do you think these young gentlemen were robbers in disguise, or ain't you sure of the lock of your strong box?"

"Cecile, Cecile, you are laughing at your father, the treasure I mean is yourself."

"Have these men any intention of carrying me off? What a pity they should be such dangerous characters, for they waltz so well."

"Don't pretend to misunderstand me, Cecile, you know exactly what I mean. You know that you were admired by everybody, and you know what is likely to follow this admiration of a parcel of young men."

"No, I don't."

"It is too bad to think that after a life spent in loving you, in making you what you are—beautiful, amiable, good, accomplished, just because you are eighteen, I am to give you up; yes, give you up to a domestic invader called a son-in-law, a man who will carry you off from me, a man who will assume to love you, and what is worse, a man you may probably learn to love yourself; it is dreadful!"

"But all this is imaginary. I'm ashamed of you; one would think you were a young, romantic girl."

"Imaginary, is it? What do you think has happened this very morning?"

"Has there been an invader here already?"

"Yes, an invader that has actually proposed for your hand, Colonel Santerre, an invader who is rich, who is well born, an invader in fact against whom there is not a single objection to be made, unfortunately."

"Yes, one that you have never thought of, but which is the most powerful of all; I don't like him, and I won't have him."

Monsieur Coulaincourt rose, and clasping his daughter to his heart, heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"I thought you would want to get married; all young girls are said to want to get married."

"But they have not such fathers as I have; now come to breakfast, and make yourself perfectly easy on the score of husbands, for I shall never, as long as I live, leave you."

Now when Mlle. Cecile spoke in this way, she was telling the truth; but not all the truth, for certainly she was giving her father to understand that she had no affection in the world beyond the one she had for him, and that she never intended to marry. M. Coulaincourt had made an idol of his daughter; after his wife's death he had consecrated his life to this child, and gradually he had grown to look on all who sought to share her affection with jealousy, such almost as a lover might have felt. But with all this, M. Coulaincourt knew that every girl in France is expected to be married between the ages of eighteen and twenty; an old maid is a *rara avis* in France, and all his wife's and his own relations were importunate for him to find a match for his daughter. She was beautiful, young, and charming, and possessed a handsome dowry; pretenders were not wanting. M. Coulaincourt felt as if a doom threatened him. He was afraid to talk to Cecile on the subject, so the positive declaration he had drawn from his daughter that morning caused him more happiness than he had known for many years.

But after all it was an Eve-like, womanish answer she had given him, she did love some one better than her father, and the happiness of her life depended on her marriage.

Many years before, Cecile, being then only six years old, as she was sitting in her father's carriage, driving along the high road in a country place where her father had hired a residence for the summer, had spied a boy three or four years older than herself, sitting on the wayside crying.

One command from Cecile had stopped the carriage, and the next minute she was by the side of the child, inquiring into his griefs, and forcing into his hand the cakes and cherries with which her little basket was laden.

Monsieur Coulaincourt inquired, however, more particularly into the boy's circumstances and condition, and finding him really an object of pity, and believing his story, had taken twenty francs out of his pocket to give him. But Cecile stopped him indignantly.

"Not at all," said she, "he is going home with us."

And home he had accordingly been taken. It was found that he had the beginning of a good education, that he spoke correctly, and was a very well behaved boy, confirming his own story that he was the orphan of a gentleman who had passed his life in writing, the boy could not say what, and who had died suddenly, pen in hand, leaving no indication of who he was beyond his own name, and but just money enough to bury him.

The orphan boy had been turned adrift; and bewildered and helpless, had wandered on until forlorn and wearied, he had sat down by the wayside and wept.

Coulaincourt had Adrian, as he was called, educated, and now at the time Coulaincourt was in such trouble about his daughter, Adrian had taken off his patron's hands all the responsibility of his business, one of the most important in the great commercial city of Havre.

"Cecile has been a blessing to me," Coulaincourt would say, "from the moment her aunt laid her in my arms. I owe the prosperity of my house to her, for she gave me Adrain."

Adrain felt the deepest gratitude to both the merchant and his daughter; his was a fine, generous nature, that does not shrink from obligation; but the sentiment he felt for father and daughter, as he grew older naturally assumed a different aspect. To both he was devoted; but as he saw her expand into loveliness, both of mind and person, he came to love Cecile, passionately, deeply. But he concealed his passion as he would have hidden a crime, for he felt it would be the basest ingratitude, which is a crime, to seek an alliance which was so infinitely beneath what Cecile had every right to expect.

But Cecile had not been so blind as her father to Adrian's feelings, neither was she so scrupulous as Adrian, for she had made up her girlish mind to marry Adrian, and she had by her woman's tact discovered his love for her.

On the day of her explanation with her father Cecile contrived, on some vain pretence—he often undertook commissions for her—to summon Adrian to her presence. She had determined to make him declare his sentiments, for she felt that the time had come when she would have to combat all her relations determined on her marriage, and her father determined on keeping her to himself.

Adrian was so timid in her presence that she felt she had to encourage him; so after a little insignificant conversation, Cecile suddenly asked him if he had seen the letter addressed to her father by Colonel de Lacy.

"I have."

"You know the answer?"

"M. Coulaincourt has told me—"

"That I would not have him. I don't intend to marry at all; I wish people would leave me alone."

"They are not likely to do that; you know, M'lle. Cecile, that wherever you go, you excite admiration and love."

"Nonsense; do you mean to say then that every man who sees me is in love with me?"

"Every one who is often in your society."

"Every one! Why, Adrian, you then, who have known me all your life, and see me every day, are you in love with me?"

"Mademoiselle, that is a cruel question."

"Not at all, Adrian, it is an honest question, and demands an honest answer. Give it to me from your heart, Adrian."

"Then, Cecile, from my heart, I love you."

"And, Adrian, with all my heart, I love you; do not go off into ecstacies of joy; our love has a great obstacle to surmount."

"My poverty—my birth?"

"No, your love; my father will never forgive that."

"What then is to done?"

"It must be concealed from him, this is the only way to bring about our marriage. Trust all to me and we shall be happy."

Adrian's presence in the counting-house was never of so little use as on that day; he could not bring his mind to contemplate dull commercial details after all he had heard that morning. The dream he had never dared to think would be realised had become a reality.

On Cecile the interview of the morning had a different effect: it made her serious and thoughtful. After all, Adrian was but a creature of her father's bounty, and that might be an obstacle, not one that would resist a positive desire of hers expressed in her usual positive manner, but one she could not signify without declaring her love for Adrian, and that would make her father miserable, and might perhaps utterly prevent the success of her plans.

"He must propose Adrian to me himself," was the result of Cecile's reflections.

It so happened that a few days after she had taken it, a letter came from her aunt, urging her brother to establish her niece, and requesting him to send her on a visit of three months to her to Paris. "I have been nursing a capital match for her for more than a year," said she, "so pray send her."

"Now really this is too bad," said M. Coulaincourt, "your aunt being your mother's sister fancies she has a right over you; and I cannot part with you."

"I shall certainly not go."

"Then here every one is asking the honor of my daughter's hand. I wonder if the men think I took all this care of you expressly for them?"

"They need not trouble themselves," said Cecile, "I will never leave you; but as you would not like me after all to be an old maid, I should like to find a husband who would consent to come and live here and make my home his."

"Capital!"

"For that we must find some one who is not rich."

"I am rich enough for both."

"Who has no relations."

"Certainly."

"Who has great respect for you."

"Of course."

"And who will understand us both; but where is such a being to be found?"

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Coulaincourt, starting up— "I have the very man; he has often told me he would lay down his life for me; he will not dare refuse me this—Adrian."

Cecile's heart beat, but she had sufficient self-control to keep down the blush that thrilled through her veins, as with an air of indifference, she replied—

"Adrian? Oh, yes; why, he knows us both so well, knows all our faults, and knows all my love for you; you might make him your partner, but then would he have me? Perhaps he loves some one else."

"Nonsense; he cannot, he shall not; my Cecile then will never leave me, and no passionate love will ever come to obscure the love of all her poor father's life. It will not be too great a sacrifice, though, will it, Cecile? I think you must like Adrian.

"Just enough, father, to marry him without aversion; and I shall love him for keeping me all my life near you."

"Love him, but only second to me."

"Of course!"

Coulaincourt hastened to the counting-house, shut himself up in his office with Adrian, and there made the proposition to him. Adrian, being a man, had not so much tact as Cecile, and, thrown off his guard, avowed his passion for her, which came near spoiling the whole plot.

But Cecile's tact and skill came to the rescue. Never was accepted suitor received in a colder or more cavalier manner. Not one word of tenderness, not one look of love was bestowed on him during the whole courtship. Not for ten minutes was he ever alone with his intended. Coulaincourt was enchanted; Cecile, too, for she had gained her point; her father was not jealous of her husband.

On the wedding day, as they were returning from church, Adrian offered his arm to his bride, but she had already taken her father's.

"Cecile," said Coulaincourt, "your husband has, perhaps, the right—"

"Ah! I had forgotten him," replied Cecile, just touching Adrian's arm with the tips of her fingers.

"Even on her wedding day," said Coulaincourt to himself, with a thrill of joy, "she thought of me before she thought of him."

Cold and ceremonious was the bride's manner through all the banqueting and rejoicing. Adrian himself was almost deceived, and on this, the happiest day of his life, could not help feeling sad. When all was over, the guests gone, and Coulaincourt conducted his children to their own apartment, his heart thrilled with joy to think that his home was now to be forever here. Then, when the door was closed upon them, Cecile threw herself into her husband's arms and whispered, "I love you."

They have all three been supremely happy ever since, and Coulaincourt takes the credit of all on himself, never suspecting the stratagem by which a woman contrived to have her own way.

SALUTATIONS.

THE PARTING.

Her face she lifted, mine to greet,
And o'er her lips I softly bent,
Where kisses rose more soft and sweet
Than breath from wildwood flowers sent.

In vain would jealous Land, or Sea,
Or Time endeavor us to part;
The farther dwelt my love from me
The nearer lived she in my heart!

THE RETURN.

I spoke but softly in the hall;
Yet, torrent-like, her rushing feet,
Dashed, like a hurrying waterfall,
Adown the stair my step to greet!

I scarce could whisper in the hall,
Nor end my words so oft begun;
For in that happy interval
Her beating breast and mine were one!

HENRY PYM.

A PEEP AT THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF FRANCE.

A fine autumn is nearly always one of the privileges of the Parisian climate, as a compensation for the generally bad spring; but last year the spring arrived earlier and more beautiful than usual, so that I could scarce remember whether there was any winter at all in Paris, and if the chimneys were built for any other purpose than a support for handsome pendules and candelabra, which must be found on every floor, for the true Parisian would sooner eat a dish less at dinner than go without his garniteur de cheminee.

The train conveyed me in five minutes from the Avenue de l'Imperatrice to St. Cloud, for it is thither I will ask the reader to accompany me. For some days the tricolor flag had been floating again from the centre of the palace; their majesties had, therefore, returned, and would remain till the end of October, when they would proceed as usual to Compiegne for the grandes chasses. St. Cloud, therefore, has regained its old privileges; the grand allee down on the Seine is still open to the public, but the rest of the park, with the garden and building, is closed. The life there is no less busy, but of a different description. Everywhere soldiers: the Guides, in their bright red and green uniforms; the Cent Guards, in their tall bearskin caps; and the Cent Gardes, with their flashing silver helmets; and all arms constantly en grande tenue, on account of the vicinity of their majesties. Altogether, about two thousand men of all arms for the protection of three persons, among them a woman and a child. But this is in strict accordance with court ceremonial. An old French proverb says, "When the king sleeps, a thousand eyes are awake for him;" is it surprising, then, that the number of eyes should be doubled for an emperor; although Napoleon, as it seems, sleeps very little, for he has a tremendous deal to do? Who knows whether he often enjoys the blessings of home; at any rate, my friend the captain drew me to the open window, but so that we were concealed by the curtains, and said, "There you have an imperial family picture."

The empress was close before us on the upper terrace, which is connected with her apartments by a light iron bridge. This bridge was entirely concealed by a wild vine, whose splendid dark red leaves were the sole thing that reminded me of autumn. The terrace was still covered with the gayest flowers, and the orange and pomegranate trees stood in the open air. In the centre, near a perfect mound of flowers, the empress was seated in one of those pretty wire-work chairs, which are so elegantly made in Paris; in front of her lay, on a similar table, a book and some needlework in a plain basket. Her majesty (I owe these details to my lady readers, and the captain's window may not be placed at my disposal again in a hurry) wore a black silk dress with lilac flounces, growing wider to the bottom, and a practised female eye would at once have counted sixteen of them. The sleeves were very wide, and the small lace cap, placed quite on the back of the head, had very long and broad lilac ribbons, also falling down behind. On a seat close by lay a shawl, bright green with white palms, evidently a costly Cashmere production. Bright green and white? many a reader will ask, as the colors do not harmonise with the lilac flounces; but I report faithfully. The face of the exalted lady was sickly and pale, the noble profile, which appears so classical in marble busts of the empress, was still the same; and so was the rich, full, light hair, but in the features there was a sorrow, and the pallor was almost painful to look on.

A cheerful contrast was afforded by the youthful prince; he was playing with a snow-white dog, which imprudently leaped on the lap of the empress! What does a dog know of the etiquette of a court? The prince is a remarkably handsome boy, tall, and well grown for his age, with curly hair, a round fresh face with clever eyes, and very like one of Raphael's angels; at the same time his manner is admirable, and there is grace in all his movements. He wore the red trowsers of his corporal's uniform, and over them a small blouse, pale yellow with blue embroidery, which became him well. In the background sat two ladies, in one of whom I recognized Madame Bruat, "Gouvernante des Enfants de France." At this moment the emperor slowly crossed the iron bridge: an old white-haired gentleman accompanied him, Mocquard, the chief of his cabinet. The emperor said a couple of words to him and then dismissed him, with a kindly wave of the hand. Mocquard, after making a deep bow, disappeared. The little prince ran to meet his father, and the dog barked at the emperor most improperly. The latter raised his son from the ground, kissed him on the forehead, then took his hand, and walked with him up to his mother. The empress rose, and the couple walked along the flower-beds in conversation, with the prince behind him. The emperor was in civilian dress, with hat and gloves and the traditional lilac paletot—a fashion which the King of Holland left him on his visit. The emperor looked remarkably stout; his face was as usual, dark and stern, and the heavy moustache rendered it still sterner. Still, he seemed to be in good spirits; he often laid his hand on the prince's curly head, and pointed to several of the flower-pots, as if telling him the names of the plants. The empress soon seated herself again at her former seat; the emperor took a chair by her side, and took out a portfolio, in which he wrote, though without interrupting his conversation with the empress. The little prince was very busy with his mother's work-basket, and finished the while to his greatest contentment; the dog, impertinent as usual, had leaped on the shawl, and was lying comfortably upon it.

I was only able to watch the family scene for a moment from behind the captain's curtain; a father, a mother, a sportive child, not forgetting the white lapdog, and nothing but flowers around, and a deep blue, cloudless sky over them, full of sunshine! The palace on the left commands the view of Paris, that beautiful, terrible Paris over which that plainly clad man rules, and the child playing, who will rule hereafter. Who knows what the emperor has just noted in his pocket-book? In half an hour there is a council, and the eyes of Europe are turned to Paris and this one man.

The little prince suddenly addresses a question to his father, who shakes his head in refusal; but the boy hangs on his knee, and begs and coaxes, and at last draws his mother into the embrace. At last the emperor appears to give way, and consent; the prince, at least, leaps about merrily, the lapdog comes to life again too, and the old gentleman with the white hair appears again in the allee and begins bowing long before their majesties notice him. Monsieur Mocquard announces that the ministers are assembled, and awaiting the emperor. His majesty rises, kisses his son, and seems to repeat his promise; then he offers the empress his arm, and escorts her over the bridge to her apartments. The prince remains on the terrace with the two other ladies and the lapdog, while M. Mocquard disappears again on the side allee.

"It is high time for us to be off," the captain said to me, "for I have the inspection, and must fetch the parole before his majesty leaves. The emperor has ordered a phaeton, and intends to drive himself."

The captain then accompanied me down stairs and across the court-yard, to the great gates, where the porters and footmen bowed to me most politely. A moment later I was standing on the outer terrace and looking down into the barrack-yard beneath, where the rappel was being sounded, and hundreds of glittering soldiers were hurriedly running about.

On the same day I read the following notice in an evening paper:—

"The emperor came this afternoon from St. Cloud to Paris, in order to inspect the new Boulevard du Prince Eugene. He was in a light open phaeton, and drove himself. The Prince Imperial was seated by his side—the first time he has accompanied his majesty on such a drive. The carriage was without escort, and there were only two footmen behind. His majesty was received with loud shouts on all the boulevards, and the public were delighted at the pleasant salutes which the little prince offered on all sides."

It was this, then, the little prince had asked and coaxed from his father: a trip with papa, and not, as usual, in the large, stupid four-horsed state coach, surrounded by clattering dragoons and galloping aides-de-camp.

Poor pretty child! Twenty years ago the Comte de Paris was playing on the same spot, as handsome as you, and merry and envied as you. And more than fifty years ago another beautiful boy, whom his proud father created a king in his cradle, also played on that terrace. He was even called the most fortunate child in the world, because the world would be his inheritance. He has long been dead, and his name alone passes like a pale shadow through history, like that other unfortunate prince who died a wretched death in the Temple. Great France is harsh and cruel to the heirs of her throne—those flowers which the mild October has hitherto spared, a single frost can nip and kill, and leave nothing but wild destruction—and the child who sported under them will then succumb, like them, to iron, inexorable fate.

The Truth of History.

The Marquis of Grouchy, lately deceased, printed a pamphlet before his death vindicating his father, Field Marshal Grouchy, from the charges made by Mons. Thiers, in the history of Napoleon, which imputed the loss of Waterloo to his remissness. Certainly some of the authentic despatches and letters collected and published by the Marquis of Grouchy show many of the statements of M. Thiers to have no better foundation than his own imagination. The Marquis himself was at Waterloo, where he was wounded, and he saw the Polish aid-de-camp, Zenowicz, (who died about two months ago,) set out to order Grouchy up. It is curious to read this part of the pamphlet. A battle was about to be fought which would decide the fate of Europe. Napoleon gives Zenowicz verbal orders at variance with the instructions he had already given to Grouchy; he sends him to Marshal Soult to obtain these orders in writing, and he tells Zenowicz to go to Wavres by way of Gembloux. Zenowicz represents that this will be a great round, but Napoleon replies that if he takes the direct road he will be captured by the Prussians. This was about 10 A. M., and yet at this early hour, two hours before the commencement of the battle, Napoleon knew that the Prussians were between Wavres and himself, and felt obliged to send an important despatch by a round of some twenty miles. The emperor must have known that his aid could not reach Grouchy by the route he sent him in time to bring up the right wing to share the battle, at least on the 18th of June. Soult kept Zenowicz waiting for two hours; it was mid-day when he set off, and although he used all possible diligence, he only reached Grouchy about 4 P. M. The Marquis of Grouchy has severely blamed M. Thiers for writing as if the marshal had received despatches which only reached him when they were useless, and for inventing others of which not the slightest trace can be discovered in the order-books. He points out, too, that, although the brilliant historian has taken many of his incidents of the battle from a sketch written by Zenowicz, yet, in order to prove his case against Grouchy, he altered the verbal message which the emperor gave that officer when despatching him to the commander of the right wing.

☞ A disconsolate young lady was heard to remark the other day, that if a cart-wheel had nine felloes, she didn't see why she couldn't have one.

☞ A good physician saves us, if not always from the disease, at least from a bad physician.

WALKING THE SANDS.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Slip your arm in mine as we walk
Here by the [illegible] margin of the sea;
But observe that [illegible] on its stalk,
Which the salt winds [illegible], so coming and
going—
Such shall our conversation be.

But understand me before a word
I utter—you do—I know you must;
To love a woman like me's absurd;
Look at my hair, and the gray streaks there,
And the heart below is burned to dust!

Did we meet in the Faubourg St. Germain?
The duchess gave a ball that night;
Of course, I remember the pink champagne;
(You're crushing a shell, sir; is it well?)
Pray don't, you're squeezing my waist too
tight.

My hand is pretty? I don't know that,
But its clutch is firm, firm, as you see;
It's a dangerous thing to bell a cat,
For by natural laws it uses its claws—
I don't say, mind, 'tis the same with me.

For I hate a scene, as I love my life,
And this is too public a place, you know:
And—yonder's my husband, and here's your
wife
(Ah! Julia, dear, 'tis charming here),
Sorry you leave us, but must you go?

Where have we been, Charles? There, on the
beach,
The tide is washing our footprints out?
He! Oh, he would have made a speech,
But you needn't look hurt, I cut him short,
For, trust me, *I* know what I'm about.

You've a game of billiards to play with the
count?
You've my permission, I'm *sure*; but mind,
Only play for a small amount.
Kiss me, if you will (wild heart, be still!)
When I married *you*, it was going it blind!

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Winter had come now. December was in; its first days were rapidly passing: and so intense had grown Caroline's yearning for home, that Monsieur Le Bleu himself said to keep her would be to kill her. "It would only be the passage-money, Mark," she reiterated ten times in a day. "I should go straight to Aunt Bettina's. Angry as she was with us for leaving Hallingham, she'd not refuse to take me in. Mark, Mark, only the passage-money!"

And Mark, thus piteously appealed to, began to think he must do something desperate to get the passage-money. Perhaps he would, if he had only known what. But while Mark was thinking of it, help arrived, in the shape of a hundred-franc note from Barker. Things were beginning to look up with him, he wrote, and perhaps he meant this as an earnest of it.

"Divide it, Mark," she said, with feverish cheeks. "I know how badly you want it here; but I want it badly too. I want help, I want medical skill; divide it between us: fifty francs will take me over."

And so it was done. How willingly Mark would have given her the whole!—but it was impossible. How willingly he would have gone with her to take care of her on the voyage!—but that was impossible. Mark Cray might not show his face in London. He took her as far as he could, and that was to Havre. On the morning after the arrival of Barker's letter and its enclosure, they were off: and so great an effect had the knowledge that she was really going wrought on Caroline that she seemed to have recovered health and strength in a manner little short of miraculous.

She walked down to the Honfleur boat; she would walk; she was quite well enough to walk, she said. As they turned out of the house the postman was approaching it, selecting a letter from his bundle.

"Pour Madame," he said, giving it to Mark.

It was from Sara: they could see that by the handwriting. Caroline thrust it into her pocket. There was not time for reading letters there: the bell of the starting boat had sounded over the town, and they and the man behind, who was wheeling Caroline's trunk on a barrow, had much ado to catch it. They read the letter going over. It was merely a friendly letter of news, the chief item of which news was, that they were expecting Captain Davenal and his wife hourly from India.

"Then, Caroline, they won't be able to take you in," was Mark Cray's remark.

"Oh, yes, yes, it can be managed," was her answer, so feverishly and eagerly delivered that Mark suspected she feared he might wish to detain her; and he said no more.

But now, when they reached Havre, Mark discovered that he and Caroline between them had made a very stupid mistake, as to the departure of the London boat. He afterwards found that they had consulted the list of departures for November, instead of December. There was no London steamer departing from Havre that day.

They stood on what is called the English Quai, Caroline weak, sick, depressed. A check of this sort thrown upon one in her state of health is as very despair. Opposite to them was moored a small English steamer; a board upon her, on which was inscribed "For London," indicating her destination. "I could go by that," she said, feverishly, "Mark, I could go by that."

"I don't think it is a passenger boat," was Mark's reply.

They advanced to the edge of the quai and looked down. Two or three men, apparently English, were taking bales of goods on board by means of a crane. "Is this a passenger boat?" Mark asked them.

"No, sir. She's for goods."

The answer was unmistakeably English. A stout, middle-aged, respectable-looking man, who was seated across a bar, watching the men and smoking a pipe, looked up and inquired of Mark why he asked.

It was the master of the vessel. They got into conversation with him, and told him their dilemma. He was a kind-hearted man, and he offered to convey the lady to London if she could put up with the accommodation. She was quite welcome to go with them, free of expense, he said, and his wife had come the trip with him this time, so she'd not, as it were, be alone on board. How eagerly Mrs. Cray seized upon the offer, rather than go home again to wait a day or two for the regular boat, I'll leave you to judge.

She went at once on board, and the vessel got out of harbor in the course of the afternoon, the master saying they should make London on the afternoon of the following day. But there's no time to linger over this part or to give any details of the voyage; it is enough to say that the voyage, from unavoidable causes, was an unusually slow one, and they did not reach their destination in the Thames until late in the evening. It was a memorable day for us, that; Saturday the 14th of December; a day of sadness irreparable for our land. Not quite yet, however, had the hour of calamity come; and the astounding grief, half paralyzing England with its suddenness, had not fully broken upon it.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mrs. Cray was able to leave the steamer. To present herself, an unexpected intruder, at Miss Davenal's at midnight, was not to be thought of. All the way over she had been revolving the news contained in Sara's letter, of which she had made so light to Mark: should Captain Davenal and his wife have arrived, she did not think there would be room for her; and the untoward lateness of the hour increased the difficulty.

There came a thought flashing into her mind, welcome as a ray of light, "I wonder if Watton could take me in for the night."

Her kind friends, the captain and his wife—and very kind and hospitable they had been to her—had a cab called, and Mrs. Cray and her trunk were placed in it. She ordered it to St. Paul's Churchyard, and inquired for Watton.

Watton came out in a state of wonder. A lady in a cab wanting her! Perhaps it was not lessened when she recognized Mrs. Cray; but Mrs. Cray looked so awfully ill, so greatly changed! Watton, always of a demonstrative temper, could not conceal her shock of dismay; and perhaps the woman's words first imparted to Caroline a suspicion of what her real state might be. Always with Mark, he could not detect the ravages in her face as a stranger detected them: and the recent voyage of course added its ill to her looks.

"Watton, could you take me in for the night?"

She was too fatigued, too worn and ill to enter upon her demand with introductory circumlocution. Watton only stared in reply. This, coupled with Mrs. Cray's appearance, momentarily took her wits away.

"I could lie on a sofa, or on a blanket put down on the carpet, anywhere just for to-night. I don't like to go on so late to Aunt Bettina's, they do not expect me, and will have gone to bed. And you know what she is, Watton."

"To be sure I can take you in, Miss Caroline," returned Watton, recovering herself partially, and warming to the poor sick girl. "Thirty hours in a steamer! My goodness! And they are horrid things always. I crossed over to Jersey once in my young days and I shall never forget it. Of course you can't go on to Pimlico to-night. Bring in the trunk, cabman."

The trunk was placed inside the passage, the man paid and dismissed, and Watton was closing the street-door, when it was pushed against. She flung it open with an impatient word, and a gentleman entered. Watton was taken by surprise.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure. I thought it was the cabman wanting to stand out for another sixpence."

He passed her with a smile, glanced at Caroline and the trunk, and was making his way up the stairs when she again addressed him.

"Is there any fresh news, sir?"

"Yes, and it is not good, Mrs. Watton," he replied, turning to speak. "Report says that a telegram has been received from Windsor, stating that there is no hope; that the Prince is rapidly sinking."

His voice was low, his manner subdued; and he raised his hat while he gave the answer, as if in almost holy deference to the state of him of whom he spoke. Watton lost her breath.

"It may not be true, sir! it may not be true!"

"I trust indeed it is not."

"But, sir, was there not hope this afternoon?"

"According to the report that reached us, there was. Could the Prince only bear up through this one night, all would be well."

He passed up the stairs as he spoke. Watton led the way into a sitting-room at the back of the house, and Mrs. Cray followed her in perplexed silence, in eager curiosity, unable to understand the words she had heard.

That great and good Prince, whom England knew too little, and whom to know was to love, was indeed lying *in extremis* in the castle that had been his many-years' home. On that calm, clear, soft December night, when the streets of London were alive with bustle and pleasure, there was a dying bed not many miles away from it, around whose hushed stillness knelt England's sovereign, England's royal children. The gracious and benignant Prince, the faithful consort, the loyal husband, the tender, anxious father was winging his flight away; sinking gradually but surely from those loving arms, those tearful eyes, those yearning prayers, which could not keep him.

London had been shocked that day. Not so shocked as she might have been; for perhaps not one living man within her walls realized to his mind the possibility of the worst. *Death!—for him!* It was impossible to contemplate it: and from the first duke in the land, down to the little pauper boys who sold for a penny the newspapers containing the bulletins, none did seriously fear it.

Mrs. Cray listened as one aroused out of a dream. The Prince ill!—ill unto danger! The Prince who had been associated in men's minds as one enshrined in a bright halo of prosperity, in the very sunshine of happiness!—who had looked down from his dizzy height on other men as if he stood above the world! It seemed incredible. Watton gave the details, so far as they were known to the general public: the so few days' illness, the apprehensions excited on the Friday, the fluctuating accounts of that same day; the unfavorable news of the morning, the afternoon's opinion of the medical men at Windsor, that if the Prince could only bear up through that one night—the night now entered upon—all would be well; and now the latest tidings, that he was sinking!

Mrs. Cray forgot her own weakness, her fatigue, in these all-absorbing tidings. But it was as impossible for her to believe in the worst for him as it had been for the public. A few minutes of awe-struck consternation, and hope reasserted its supremacy in her heart. Nay, not only hope, but a certainty that he "would be well." I honestly believe that such was the prevailing feeling in every breast. It was so hard, it was so hard to look upon the reverse side of the picture.

"We had heard nothing of this at Honfleur."

"And we can't say to have heard much of it here until to-day," was Watton's answer. "It has come upon us with startling suddenness. Oh, if we can but get better tidings in the morning!"

"We shall be sure to do that, Watton," said Caroline, hopefully. "Death surely could not come to *him*."

Watton made her some tea, and she sat over the fire in the sitting-room while she drank it. She could not eat: generally her appetite was good, but fatigue and excitement had taken it away to-night. She told of her residence in the French town, she hinted slightly at their want of success, and Watton looked grave as she spoke of her side.

"You think the London doctors can cure you, Miss Caroline?"—for the old name came far more familiar to Watton than the new one.

"I did think so," replied Caroline, feeling that the strong conviction of this, which had amounted to a disease in Honfleur, had in some unexplainable manner gone out of her. "I seem not to be sure of it, as I was before I came."

"And shall you make a long stay in London?"

"About a week. I have come for advice only, not to stay to be cured. Aunt Bettina's is no house for me; and perhaps I cannot even stay there at all. Captain Davenal and his wife may have arrived."

She heaved a sigh of weary despondency. Watton urged her retiring; but Caroline felt at rest in the easy chair, and still sat on. It was so long since she had seen a home face, or conversed with a home tongue.

"Who was that gentleman who passed us as I was coming in?" she asked, "he who spoke of the Prince?"

And Watton replied that it was Mr. Comyng, a junior partner of the house, and the only one of the partners who resided there.

It wanted scarce a quarter to twelve when Caroline at length went up-stairs to a very high bedroom. Whether it was Watton's room or not, Caroline did not know, but it had been made cheery. The curtains and bed were white and pleasant looking, and a fire sparkled in the grate. Watton would have stayed with her to help her undress, but Caroline preferred to be alone.

When left to herself, she drew aside the window-curtains, and saw that the room faced the front: there stood old St. Paul's, grim and formidable, and apparently so close to her that she might have fancied it within a leap. Letting the curtain remain open, she sat down to the fire, before which was drawn a chair as easy as the one down-stairs.

She sat with her head pillowed on the high arm gazing at the blaze, and musing over present events. Their strangely uncertain life at Honfleur, poor Mark's position and poverty, her own malady and the curious manner in which she had lost that eager faith in the result of her journey, her reception on the morrow by Miss Davenal—with all these thoughts were mingled more prominently the tidings which had greeted her since her entrance.

Unconsciously to herself, she dropped into a doze. It was a very foolish thing to do of course for she would have been much better in bed; but none of us are wise always. She dozed placidly; and the first thing that in the least aroused her, and that only partially, was the booming out in her ear of a deep-toned bell.

"St. Paul's clock striking twelve," was the supposition that crossed her mind in its state of semi-sleep. But ere many minutes had gone by, she became alive to the fact that the striking did not cease—that the strokes of the bell were tolling out fast and loud, as—as—a *death-bell* strikes out.

It has not been the fate of many to hear the bell of St. Paul's Cathedral strike out at midnight. Those who *have* will never forget it during life. Never, never will it be forgotten by those few as it went booming into the air on that still December night, bearing forth its message of woe to the startled hearts of the Metropolis.

For a brief moment Mrs. Cray wondered what was the matter. She sprung out of her chair and stood staring at the edifice, as if in mute inquiry what it meant. And then—when she remembered what had been said that night—and the recollection flashed on her with that heart-sickness that generally accompanies some awful terror—she opened the window and leaned out.

Three or four persons were standing underneath, motionless, still, as if they had collected there to gaze at the dark cathedral, to listen to the booming bell.

"What is it?" she called out. "What does it mean?"

Her voice, raised by excitement to unnatural strength and clearness, was heard distinctly. Those standing below looked up. In one of them she thought she recognized Mr. Comyng. He was standing bareheaded, and his whispered answer came up to her in the stillness of the night.

"Prince Albert's gone."

A moment of bewildering suspense while the mind refused to admit the dreadful truth, and Caroline Cray turned sick and faint. And then the sobbing cry burst from her heart and lips—a cry that was to find its echo from thousands and thousands as the hours went on—

"Oh, the Queen! the Queen! May God help and support the Queen!"

PART I.

A DESOLATE NIGHT.

Yes, he was gone. Great Britain rose on the Sunday morning to the news, for the telegraphs were at work, and the tidings were carried to the length and breadth of the land. And people did not believe it. It could not be! Why, it seemed but yesterday that he had come over in the flower of youth and promise, to wed the fair young Queen! Dead! Prince Albert dead! None of you have forgotten the wide gap in the litany that Sunday morning, the pale lips of the clergyman compelled to make it, the quivering breathless hearts that answered to it. But for the remembrance that God's ways are not as our ways, how many of those startled and grieved hearts would have felt tempted to question the *why* of the stroke, in their imperfect wisdom.

But to return to Caroline Cray, for the night was not yet over and the bell was ringing out. When the first immediate shock had passed, she quitted the window and leaned her head upon the counterpane. A solemn awe had laid hold of her, and she felt as she had never felt in all her life. Her whole soul seemed to go up in—may I dare to say?—Heavenly communion. It was as if Heaven had opened—had become very near. I may be mistaken, but I believe this same feeling was experienced by many in the first startling shock. This was so entirely unlike an ordinary death; even of one of our near and dear relations. Heaven seemed no longer the far-off mysterious place she had been wont to regard it, but a *home*, a refuge, all near and real. It had opened and taken him in; in his early manhood; in his full usefulness; in England's need; when that wife and royal lady had learnt to lean upon him; when his sons and his daughters were growing up around him, some of them at the moment in other lands out of reach of the loving farewell of his aching heart; with his mission here—it so seemed—only half fulfilled! It had taken him in before his time, and gathered him to his rest. He did not seem to have gone entirely away; he was only hidden beyond reach and sight for a little while; that same refuge would open for her, Caroline, and others; a little earlier, a little later, and she and all would follow him. Heavy as the blow was in itself, incapable as she was of understanding it, it yet seemed an earnest of the overruling presence of the living God. Oh, what was the poor world in that night, with the strokes of the death-bell sounding in her ears, compared to that never-ending world above, that heritage awaiting us all, on which he had entered?

Fatigue and emotion did their work on Mrs. Cray. In the morning she was unable to get up, and Watton wisely and kindly urged that she should not rise at all that day, but take a good rest, and go on to Miss Davenal's on the morrow. So she lay where she was, and listened to that gloomy death-bell, as it periodically gave forth its sound; and the burst of tears, in her bodily weakness, could not be suppressed, but came forth repeatedly to wet the pillow, as she thought of the widowed Queen, the fatherless children.

The day's rest did her a great deal of good, and she rose on the Monday renovated and refreshed. A wish had come over her that she could see a doctor and learn her fate, before she went to her Aunt Bettina's. She had not come to town with the intention of consulting any particular surgeon;—indeed she hardly knew the name of one from another. Watton, when sitting with her on the Sunday night, had spoken of a noted surgeon living in Westminster, and Caroline remembered then to have heard Dr. Davenal speak of his skill, and she determined to go to him.

She went up in an early omnibus through the mourning streets. The bells were tolling, the shutters were partially closed, and men and women stood in groups to converse, sadness pervading every countenance. The surgeon, Mr. Welch, was at home, but she had to wait her turn to be admitted to him.

He was not in the least like Monsieur Le Bleu, excepting in one little matter—he wore spectacles. A silent man, who looked, more than talked; he bade Mrs. Cray tell her case to him from beginning to end in the best manner that she was able, and he never once took his spectacles from her face while she obeyed.

What she said necessitated an examination of the side. It could be but a slight one, there, dressed as she was, but the surgeon appeared to form a pretty rapid opinion. She inquired whether it was curable, and he replied, that he could not say upon so superficial an examination, but he would see her at home, if she would tell him where she lived. In her reply, when she said she had no home in London, it escaped her that her husband was a medical man, living in France.

"What part of it?" he inquired.

"At Honfleur."

"Honfleur!" echoed the surgeon in an accent of surprise. "Is there sufficient practice to employ an English medical man at Honfleur? I should not have thought it. I was there a year or two ago."

The consciousness of the truth, of what the "practice" was, dyed her cheeks with their carmine flush. Her eyelids drooped, her trembling fingers entwined themselves convulsively one within the other, as if there were some sad tale to tell. Her bonnet was untied, and its rich white strings (for Watton had affixed these new ones and taken off the dirty ones) fell on her velvet cloak, nearly the only good relic left of other days. That grave gentleman of sixty, seated opposite to her, thought he had never seen so lovely a face, with its fragile features, its delicate bloom, and its shrinking expression.

She raised her dark blue-violet eyes, their lashes wet. Misfortune had brought to her a strange humility.

"There's not much practice yet, sir. It may come with time."

He thought he could discern the whole case; it is that of *some* who go abroad: a struggle for existence, anxiety of mind and body, privation, and the latent constitutional weakness showing itself at last.

One single word of confidential sympathy, and Caroline burst into tears. Her spirits that morning were strangely low, and she had no power to struggle against emotion.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured apologetically when she could speak. "The fatigue of the long journey—the universal gloom around—I shall be better in a minute."

"Now tell me all about it," said Mr. Welch, in a kind tone, when she was recovered. "There's an old saying, you know: 'tell your whole case to your lawyer and your doctor,' and it is a good injunction. I like my patients to treat me as a friend. I suppose the practice in Honfleur is worth about five francs every three months, and that you have suffered physically in consequence. Don't hesitate to speak: I can shake hands with your husband: when I was first in practice, I had hardly bread to eat."

It was so exceedingly like the real fact, "about five francs every three months," and his manner of tone were so entirely kind and sympathizing, that Mrs. Cray made no pretence of denial. The practice was really not enough to starve upon, she acknowledged: none of the English residents at Honfleur ever got ill.

"But why did your husband settle there? Was it his first essay?—his start in life?"

"Oh no. He was in practice at Hallingham before that, in partnership with Dr. Davenal."

"With Dr. Davenal!"

The repetition of the name, the astonished tone, recalled Mrs. Cray to a sense of her inadvertence. The admission had slipped from her carelessly, in the thoughtlessness of the moment. Mr. Welch saw that there was something behind, and he kept his inquiring eyes fixed upon her. She felt obliged to give some sort of explanation.

"After Dr. Davenal's death, my husband gave up the medical profession and embarked in something else. He thought he should like it better. But it—it—failed. And he went to Honfleur."

Her confusion—which she could not hide—was very palpable; it was confusion as well as distress. All in a moment, the name, Cray, struck upon a chord in the surgeon's memory. It was his custom to take down the names of his patients ere he entered upon their cases, and he looked again at the memorandum-book before him. "Cray."

"Your husband is not the Mr. Cray who was connected with the Great [illegible] Mine?" he exclaimed. "Mark Cray?"

She was startled to tremor. There was no cause for it, of course: the fact of his being known that she was Mark's wife could but result in their talking [illegible] *him*. But these unpleasant [illegible] do bring a fear with them, startling and [illegible].

"Don't be alarmed," said the surgeon kindly, observing the sudden start of the [illegible] [illegible] to your husband. I was no shareholder in the company. [illegible] for a dip into it, and might have had it, had the thing gone on."

"It was not Mr. Cray's fault," she pleaded. "He would have kept the concern and had it been in his power; [illegible] I [illegible]—I have never been able to see why everybody should be so much against him."

"I cannot understand why he went away," was the answering remark.

He looked at her inquiringly as he spoke. She shook her head in a helpless sort of manner; she had never clearly understood it either.

"Ah, well; I see you don't know much, you young wives rarely do. Did you know Dr. Davenal?"

"He was my uncle," she said. "He brought me up. I was Miss Caroline Davenal."

Another moment of surprise for Mr. Welch. It seemed so impossible for a niece of the good and flourishing physician-surgeon to be reduced, as he suspected she was—almost homeless, friendless, penniless.

She was struggling with her tears again. With the acknowledgment, her memory had gone back to the old home, the old days. She had scarcely believed *then* there was such a thing as care in the world; *now!*—

"You will tell me the truth about myself," she said, recovering composure. "I came to England to learn it. *Pray* don't deceive me. I am a doctor's wife you know, and can bear these shocks," she added, with a poor attempt at a smile. "Besides I seem to *know* the fate that is in store for me: since Saturday night I have not felt that I should get well."

There was one moment of hesitation—of indecision. Caroline caught at it all too readily.

"I see," she said, "there is no hope."

"I said nothing of the sort," he returned.

"But I am sure you think that there is not. Mr. Cray thought there might be an operation; the French doctor said No."

"I cannot tell you anything decisive now. I will come to you if you will tell me where."

She gave him Miss Davenal's address.

"I am so sorry to trouble you; I did not think of that. A few days and I shall go back to France."

"No," replied the surgeon. "You must not think of going back. It would not do."

"But I came. And it has not hurt me."

"You must not return."

He spoke in a tone so quietly grave that Caroline did not like it. Could it be that he knew she would be unable to go back? What would become of Mark? what would become of *her?* But she could not take up his time longer then.

"Is this right?" she asked timidly, as she laid a sovereign and a shilling on the table.

"It's quite wrong," said he. "Doctors don't prey upon one another. My dear lady, do you think I should take money from Dr. Davenal's niece?—or your husband's wife? Anything that I can possibly do for you I shall be most happy to do—and I am glad you happened to come to me."

She went out of the house. Why it should have been she could not tell, for certainly Mr. Welch's words had not induced it, but the conviction of a fatal termination, which had but dawned upon her before, had taken firm possession of her now. Lost in thought as she walked, she missed the turning by which she had gained the surgeon's house, and found herself at last in a labyrinth, far away from omnibuses and anything else available.

One directed her this way; one directed her that. Weary, faint, unfit to move another step, she found herself at last in a street whose aspect seemed more familiar; but not until she caught sight of a door-plate, "Bracknell, Street, and Oswald Cray," did she remember it for Parliament street.

The temptation to go in and ask to be allowed to rest, was strong upon her, but she did not like to do so, and walked on, longing to sit down on every door step. A little way further and she met Oswald Cray.

When the physical strength has been taxed beyond its power, especially in a peculiar case such as hers, any little break to it of mental excitement either renovates it for the moment, or destroys it utterly. It was the latter case with Caroline.

"Mrs. Cray!" exclaimed Oswald in surprise. "I did not know you were in London."

She caught hold of something in her faintness. Whether pillar, railings, post, she could not have told. Her brow grew moist, her lips white.

"You are ill!" said Oswald, hastening to support her.

"I lost my way," she gasped, leaning heavily upon him. "I missed it when I came out of the surgeon's, Mr. Welch. I came over from Honfleur on Saturday, Oswald; I came to consult an English doctor. I am dying."

"Dying!" repeated Oswald. "No, no, it is only a little faintness."

"Not *this*. I shall be better of this directly. It is my side: I'll tell you about it when the faintness has passed. I thought there was no hope for me; I know it now."

He was leading her gently, by slow steps, towards the house.

"How is Mark? Is he here too?" he asked.

"Not Mark. He cannot come, you know."

"Is he getting on?"

"Oh, Oswald! getting on! There's no practice; and we have not a penny piece; and—I—I am dying. Oh, if I had not to die abroad; if Mark could but come to me!"

"Where are you staying?" he asked, after a pause.

"Watton gave me shelter. It was late when the boat got up, too late to go on to my Aunt Bettina's, and I called at Watton's and asked her to take me in. Oswald!—Oswald!—"

"What?" he asked, for she had dropped her

voice, and her sentence seemed to be impeded by emotion.

"I heard the bell toll out for Prince Albert!"

"Ah!"

"Oswald! can you realize the fact that he is dead?"

"Not yet; scarcely yet. It is difficult to believe that he is taken, while we are left. It seems to us, in our finite notions, that there's hardly a man in the realm but could have been better spared. But God knows best."

His tone of pain had changed to reverence. There was no more said until they reached his door. He assisted her up-stairs to the old sitting-room; the same sitting-room with the same plans and charts and signs of work on its table. Oswald was a full partner now. Industry—truthful, patient, persevering, fair-dealing industry—had met with its reward. Did you ever know it to fail? I never did. But the reward does not come to all so speedily as it came to Oswald Cray.

Not the reward of a coach-and-six, the conclusion that some of you may jump to at the word. That might never be Oswald's—and if it were, coaches-and-six don't bring all the glory and bliss with them that our day-dreams picture. Mr. Bracknell had virtually retired from the firm, leaving most of its profit to Mr. Street and Oswald Cray. Had Miss Sara Davenal been the daughter of the still living and flourishing physician on whom not a cloud rested, as was the case in the years gone by, Oswald could have asked for her hand now and given her a home that even he would have deemed worthy of her.

Not having her, however, or any other lady, as a wife in prospective, he was content to let the home remain in abeyance, and lived in the old rooms, putting up with the comforts and agreeables Mrs. Benn chose to bestow upon him. The first thing Caroline did on being placed in an easy chair, was to faint away. It was the only time she had fainted since the day in October when she walked to the Cote de Grace. Mark Cray gave fatigue the benefit of the blame then, and it was probably due to the same cause now. When Mrs. Benn came up in answer to Oswald's summons, nothing could well exceed her amazement at seeing a lifeless lady lying in the chair, her bonnet hanging at the back by its strings, her gloves on the ground, and Mr. Oswald Cray rubbing her unconscious hands.

The first thought that occurred to Mrs. Benn was to wonder how she got there; the second, that it was some stranger who had come to the offices on business and had been taken ill.

"She's married at any rate," remarked that lady as she took up the left hand to chafe it. "But nobody would say so to look in her face. She's like a girl."

"Don't you know her?" returned Oswald, glancing at the woman. "It is Mrs. Cray; my brother's wife."

Mrs. Benn gave a shriek in her surprise. "*Her!* Why, sir, how she's altered! She looks fit—"

"Hush!" was his interrupting caution, for Caroline began to revive. Can't we improvise a sofa or mattress, or something of that sort, to place her on?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Household Expenses.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly has analyzed the cost of the respective articles consumed in a family of six grown persons and two children, whose united expenses for the year, for food, amounted to $926 8[illegible]. The analysis summed up for each item shows the following result: Butter cost almost one-tenth of the whole expense. Flour and wheat bread cost almost one-tenth; beef cost one-tenth; other meats cost a tenth and a half of what was spent for eating and drinking; tea and coffee, etc., one-tenth; sugar and milk one-tenth; fish, eggs, potatoes, etc., one-tenth. The comments of the writer may possibly induce others to make an economical investigation into their own expenses. He says:

"Thus is it, that three-quarters of what you eat will be spent for your bread and butter, your meat, fish, eggs and potatoes, your coffee, tea, milk and sugar, for twenty-one articles on a list of one hundred and seven. Fresh vegetables besides those named, will take one-fifth of what is left; say five per cent. of the whole expense. The doctor will order porter or wine when your back aches. Have nothing to do with them until he does order them, but reserve another five per cent. for them. The rest, it is mace, it is yeast, it is vinegar, pepper and mustard, it is sardines, it is lobster, it is the unconsidered world of trifles which make up the visible difference between the table of high civilization and that of the Abyssinian or the Blackfoot Indian. Let us hope it is not much cream of tartar or saleratus. It is grits and grapes, it is lard and lemons, it is maple sugar and melons, it is nuts and nutmeg, or any other alliteration that you fancy.

"Rich or poor, buy in as large quantics as you can. Rich or poor, pay cash. Rich or poor, do not try to do without nitrogen. Rich or poor, vary steadily the bills of fare. Now the minimum of what you can support life upon at this moment is easily told. Jeff. Davis makes the calculation for you. It is a quarter of a pound of salt pork a day, with four Graham hard tack. A year of Jeff. Davis's diet would cost you and Leander, if you bought in large quantities, sixty dollars. A year at Rye Beach just now, would cost you two or three thousand dollars."

THE DISCORD OF THE AGE.—The great discord between the head and the heart, between intellect and faith, is the predominant characteristic of the age. Old forms of thought are falling. Wherever faith finds a foothold, the intellect comes prying, doubting, and disturbing. The age is accused of having a "suspense of faith," of infidelity, of materialism. But the discord is not with infidels and materialists alone. It runs far back into the very heart of the church. This restless search, this unsatisfied longing, this hurrying discord, can have but one solution. The song that the shepherd boy sings in the "Saul" of Robert Browning to the disquieted king, is the only music that can soothe the troubled spirit of the present. The truth there uttered is its only resting place. The strife between the heart and intellect cannot cease until the heart has learned to trust, with simple faith, its own highest impulses and to crown it as divine. It must learn to take for granted, that, as mountains stand by the power of God, as the sun shines with His glory, so the heart loves and can love only in His love.—*Christian Examiner.*

☞ A dull person does some things better than a man of genius; as an ivory paper folder cuts the leaves of books better than a keen blade.

American Manufactures.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and sent by her for publication and answer. We give it as a sample of many which have been received from different parts of the country, and have replied to the inquiries seriatim:—

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

DEAR MADAM:—From a recent article in the Atlantic Monthly, I infer you are interested in the late real dress reform—so am I. I therefore take the liberty of writing to you for further information on the subject.

The ladies of our town have organized a Covenant, and adopted the Washington Pledge. But a difficulty arises. Cause—Ignorance. Some say a certain article is imported—others, that it is domestic; storekeepers contradict each other, and nobody knows.

Now for a deluge of questions.

You say ribbons of all colors are manufactured in Boston and New York. What qualities? How are we to know what is foreign and what domestic? Are not many nice flowers which have been called "*French*," really American? How can we distinguish? Bonnets. Some say straw bonnets are made in our country, but the straw is imported; others that the straw is gathered from our own fields except the finest qualities. How is this? Where are Neapolitan bonnets made? The name sounds "*Frenchy*," but are they really imported? Are there any velvet trimmings made here? What kinds of dress trimmings are domestic? Are there any dress silks of home manufacture? This we can dispense with very well, but I should like to know anyhow. Where are mozambiques, tissue, jaconet, Swiss, book-muslin, crape, wool delaine, &c., manufactured? In short, what dress-goods are domestic beside calico, lawn, and common delaine?

Some who think they know say there are no cotton hose, linen handkerchiefs, pins and needles, made in the United States. Are not they mistaken? Is there fine linen, colored or white, of domestic manufacture? Silk laces, I suppose, are imported, but is not the common cotton edging domestic? Where is the lasting of which gaiters are made manufactured? Is there not a very good quality of ladies' cloth made in our country? The favorite Coats' thread, I suppose, is foreign; what is the best American? Some even say the common skirt binding is imported. Where is cambric edging made?

I thus enter into details because many of these articles have been under dispute. Never having had our attention called to the subject, and not living in a manufacturing section of the country, we know very little about it, but are very anxious to learn.

If you will be kind enough to answer my questions soon, and also give any further information on the subject you may think beneficial, you will very much oblige the ladies of our Covenant.

Respectfully, yours,
MATTIE M. GRIFFITH.

When the Ladies' League was first organized in this city, we paid a good deal of attention to the movement, and wrote several articles, giving what we considered a fair estimate of its character and tendency. It the tone was generally discouraging, it was not because we did not appreciate the patriotic intention of the Covenanters, but because, in the very nature of things, we knew the undertaking to be impracticable.

The result has justified our conclusions. In all the large cities the movement has completely died out; in the country it has been taken hold of, in many instances, by earnest, thoughtful, intelligent persons, who are sincerely desirous of adopting the principle and putting it in practice if they can. In answering Mattie M. Griffith's questions, we shall be obliged to show how many obstacles there are in the way of fulfilling such a purpose. Newspapers have been at fault in this matter. With more zeal than discretion, and in total ignorance of the subject which they treat upon with so much fluency, they have greatly misrepresented facts, and neglecting the real need of the nation, and of women, have urged on a movement which was as unwise as it was impracticable, and to the adoption of a principle which they found it impossible to maintain.

We will take Miss Griffith's questions in the order in which they are put. And first,—

RIBBONS.—A few ribbons have been made in this country, some samples of which were exhibited at the meeting at Cooper Institute. The best of these were plaid. They are not now in the market, and we do not know where they can be found, unless, perhaps, in Boston, and there only in very small quantities. The reason why is, that for a fine quality of ribbons they have to *import* the silk from China, and this, together with the cost of labor in this country, and of superior colors, renders them so expensive, that, even with the present tariff, they cannot compete with the manufactured article abroad.

FLOWERS.—Very large quantities of artificial flowers are made in this country and sold for "French," and many of them are so exceedingly well done as almost to defy detection. There are two methods, however, by which a close observer can distinguish the difference between them. One is, by observing the materials used in mounting and making. The French use very delicate and costly materials—silk, silk wire, silver paper, and the like. The Americans use coarser materials—cambric, common tissue-paper, etc. Of course, in making very fine, or what are called "French" flowers, they use the best materials also, but in this case the materials will be at least half imported. Can these properly be called American flowers? Moreover, they can be distinguished after all from the real French, by a certain stiffness and regularity which is entirely too perfect to be natural. The French imitate the knotted and twisted stem, the broken or worm-eaten leaf, and the bent or crushed flower, with as much or more accuracy than they do the perfect one, which is only to be seen in a garden at rare intervals, and it is this faithful copying from Nature which renders them so unapproachable.

A singular difficulty was stated to us by a manufacturer, in the way of making the finest flowers here. In the use of costly materials, great care and economy is requisite, so that even the smallest atom may be turned to account. The French excel in this faculty of making something out of nothing. American workwomen, on the contrary, are careless and wasteful, and thus enormously increase the aggregate cost.

STRAW BONNETS.—Large quantities of straw goods are manufactured here from straw grown in this country, but they are all of the coarser qualities. No straw manufactories exist in Foxboro', Mass. Fine braids are frequently imported and mixed with our own coarser work in the composition of bonnets. There are several obstacles to the production of fine straw work in this country. One is, the want of humidity in the atmosphere; another, the want of proper machinery; another, the want of patient, skillful workmen. Moreover, the cost of labor is here so high, and the finer processes so long and tedious, that the manufacturers of such goods could not compete with those of Europe, even at the present price of gold, particularly as they would have to import much of their material.

NEAPOLITAN BONNETS.—Much that has been said above will apply to Neapolitan bonnets. The finer kinds are all imported. The principal ones made in this country are the gray Neapolitan mixed with cotton, and sold at comparatively low rates.

VELVET AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.—There are no velvets and very few dress trimmings made in this country. The cheap velvets with cotton backs come from Germany; the richer, all silk velvets, from France. An effort has been made to manufacture them in this country, but only a very inferior quality produced. A great difficulty is the want of raw material; it only being possible to cultivate silk, and that of a coarse quality, in a very small section of the United States, so that the silk to make velvet, if not the velvet itself, would have to be imported.

This fact, of course, disposes also of the question of silk dress goods. The only kinds ever made in this country were a few foulard silks, which looked very well but proved almost worthless, so far as wear was concerned. They were heavy, but not durable, and were thrown upon the market at about the cost of manufacture.

Silk enters so largely into dress trimmings of every description that the one reason why we cannot manufacture them is at once suggested—the others are, the want of proper machinery and the high price of labor here, which renders the manufacture of small wares unprofitable. There are, however, some dress trimmings made in this country; colored gimps of various kinds, especially those into which cotton is introduced, and many cotton gimps and braids. The woolen braid which we use for binding our dresses is imported, so is all cambric, and even common cotton edging.

DAINE GOODS.—Mozambiques, tissue, jaconet, Swiss, book-muslin, crape, wool delaine, and the like, are all imported. Cambric linings are manufactured here, but not any fine qualities. In addition to the calico, lawn, cotton and wool delaine, there are cotton and wool imitations of nearly all imported goods manufactured here, but they look so shabby after wearing a few times, and the colors are so inferior, that women of cultivated tastes do not like to wear them. The cotton barege, figured and plain, which has been so plentiful for a few years past is all of American manufacture.

HOSE AND LINEN GOODS.—All our best hose are brought from England and Germany. A great many are made in this country, but they are of the coarser and inferior qualities. The best houses do not keep them, not because they are American, but because they are inferior. It is folly to talk as some do of the prejudice against American goods. There is no prejudice against New York Mills muslin, the Merrimac prints, or Weathereds cassimeres. The merit of these manufactures is acknowledged everywhere. Undoubtedly a feeling exists, but it was born of experience and is sustained by facts. American manufacturers have not yet found it profitable to supply the market with fine goods, so they are not provided with the means to do so.

The same story is true of linens. For the manufacture of fine linens and linen handkerchiefs we should have to import the flax. We have flax-growers, it is true, but they find it pays better to raise seed than stock, and so the stock is neglected for the seed. Our linen manufactures are confined to a few coarse fabrics, and indeed can scarcely be included in our national manufactures at all.

LADIES' GAITERS.—The "lasting" of which ladies' gaiters are made, comes from England; the satin francais for the finer styles, from France. Leather, of course, is made in abundance in this country, but it has not yet reached the perfection to which it has been brought in France, where they tan much more thoroughly and with a different and better oil from that used here.

CLOTHS—LADIES' CLOAKINGS.—We are glad to be able to speak unqualifiedly of one branch of American manufacture, and that is cloths. These are made in Massachusetts, Maryland and New Hampshire, in great variety, and of excellent quality. Broadcloths, cassimeres and ladies' cloakings, which will compare with any in the world. Ladies' water-proof cloth, so highly esteemed and universally employed, originated in this country.

PINS, NEEDLES, AND THREAD.—Pins and needles are made in abundance in the manufacturing districts. A great many pins are made in Connecticut. They have not quite the reputation of what are called the "English pins," but they are good enough for all practical purposes and have generally superseded the imported ones. There is no American thread which ranks as first-class.

COTTON GOODS.—Raw American cotton is the very best in the world. Years ago it was analyzed by the Manchester spinners, who pronounced it better, longer, stronger, easier to work, and less subject to waste than any other. With this advantage in raw material is seems provoking that France and England are still so far ahead of us in the quality of their printed cottons. The reason seems to be that our workmen are not so good, that our printing is not so good, that our colors are inferior and do not take hold of the cloth so well. The latter seems to be an atmospheric difficulty, possibly due to the dryness of the atmosphere. Certain sections of a country are sometimes more favorable than others for "taking color." The reputation of the famous English "Hoyles" prints, for instance, is said to be due altogether to the highly favorable quality of the atmosphere in his vicinity.

Very beautiful carpets are now made in this country, but they are, and always will be considered inferior to the English, from the want of durability and permanency in their colors.

American manufacturers are improving all the time, and will doubtless continue to improve, but it is the poorest kind of patriotism for ladies to buy poor goods simply because they are American. It is only offering a premium to ignorance and stupidity. The best way to elevate the character of American manufactures is for women to demand a fine class of goods and purchase them, let them come from wheresoever they may.

That women owe a duty to their country, and to their own manufacturers, is undoubtedly true, but American manufacturers owe a still greater duty to the country and to them, and when the quality of their goods is such as to command patronage, they will receive it without the aid of ladies' leagues. Water-proof cloaking, New York Mills muslin, Weathereds cassimeres, and Merrimac prints, for example, although the latter do not, as yet, come up to the standard of either English or French.

If ladies want to economize in this crisis effectually, let them stop buying at all. All, who are likely to buy imported goods at present prices, have a sufficient stock on hand to last for two years at least with a little altering and making over, and their surplus funds would provide for all the destitute widows and orphans made by the war. This is the only way to practice a true economy, and the surest way to make it a benefit to the sufferers by the war and the country at large.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

The First Petroleum Fever.

A very large proportion of the persons who are now rushing into the oil stock business, care nothing about oil *per se*, have no interest in its production, know nothing of its history, and are totally ignorant of the manner in which patriots of their own stamp have "*bled and suffered*" before them. They have but a single object, which is to "make money." They have heard that money has been made by others—by persons not near as "smart" as they, whose eyes could be closed at any time by an ingenious operation—who, therefore, did not see where and how they were going, but who blundered in the most surprising way into fortune. Now, if these dull speculators can, by the merest accident, become entangled in riches, "why not," reasons the late convert, "why not I, who am sharp and have never been deceived in anything?" Argument like this is all that is necessary to counsel him to take a decided stand, and so he hesitates no longer, but in he goes.

Now, for the edification of these eleventh hour converts who are rushing into the speculation at this late day, it is as well to recite a few facts from history—and oil history too. This oil fever is intermittent; it has its violent stages and its period of calm, when the blood is sluggish, and by no method of agitation would it be possible to get up an excitement. The present fever may be said to be the second clear, decided and unmistakable attack of the malady. The first was experienced about four years ago, and the consequences were injurious to some people. In the latter part of 1860 and the beginning of 1861 the oil fever broke out for the first time within the knowledge of financial physicians, in western Pennsylvania. It was somewhat local in its ravages, and although there were a few cases in Philadelphia they were sporadic, whilst the epidemic form was manifested about Pittsburg, and extending to the oil region. The original operators, who then went into the business, were, as they themselves thought, "far seeing." They believed that the demand for oils would render this earth oil extremely valuable; they had explored the ground and opened its riches, and they knew all about spouting, flowing and pumping wells. The future was very clear before them. Here was a vast territory, a liberal yield by nature, at a cost so trifling as not to be worth consideration, and every prospect of numerous customers. Why should they not avail themselves of their superior intelligence and great good luck? They did so. They went into the Venango region; they bought and leased ground; they acquired royalties; they erected their engines; they put up their derricks: they set their borers to drilling, and were ready to put down their tubing. Generally they were successful. They were as happy as they ought to have been. They had "got oil," and thenceforth everything should have gone on with them as "merry as a marriage bell."

And how did they come out? Oh, badly enough! The prodigious development of the oil region in 1860–61 was ahead of the wants of the world. Mankind had not yet got used to this strong-scented but valuable production. There was some demand for it, but not a demand equal to the supply. In 1862 the whole machinery of the oil region was going. Oil was poured out in immense quantities, and, comparatively speaking, there were no buyers. The price went down, down, until it got as low as twenty-five cents per barrel for crude petroleum at the wells, and it sold in this city at *seven cents* per gallon, including the casks. The original investors became very much discouraged. Their money was all gone. Their hopes of big dividends were rudely dispelled. They had plenty of oil, but no customers, and not to secure the oil which came from flowing wells was more profitable than to expend labor in gathering it. Under this pressure the oil business faded into nothingness. It was voted "played out." Speculators who invested with the hope of making swift and easy fortunes abandoned the whole business and forfeited their stock. If they owed instalments upon their shares they would not pay them. They concluded to let everything go. Comparatively speaking, the oil region became a desert—wells were abandoned, derricks, engines, tanks, buildings, and all, were left as they stood when it was discovered that the business was worthless. Even at this day, when there has been an entire change in the prospects of the oil business, these decaying examples of ill advised speculation are still seen on the hills and the valleys of the Venango and Warren, telling in loud tones the story of a want of prudence in the beginning and a want of faith at the end.

The victims of the first fever were despoiled because they were hasty. They expected that a new product yielded by the earth, with unexampled bounty, would be promptly adopted by mankind. But mankind must be taught, and learns slowly. Those who in 1861–2 abandoned the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and threw away their investments, have little satisfaction in viewing the turn which the business has taken in 1863–4. They know that the oil region produces no more than it did when they were interested in its development, but they know that what has made them poor has made others enormously rich. If they had but "*hold on*" they might have been men of wealth upon small capital. They risked their money, but they could not risk *delay*. They could not wait, and so they lost everything.

We have every interest in the proper development in the oil business, but we are opposed to gambling speculations, and to operations which would be more legitimate among those "who fight the tiger," than those who profess to act according to financial rules and with intelligence. There is money to be made, much money, by those who invest in honest, prudent, well managed companies, which are intended to get oil out of the earth, and not out of the pockets of the subscribers. There are good producing oil companies, and there are bad non-producing swindles. Let every one who operates in oil stocks do so with his eyes open. If he invests in a sound, producing company, let him not, like the foolish victims of the first oil fever, hurry to get out of "the scrape" because there has been a fall in prices or a cessation of demand. He should reflect that every business has its fortunate and unfortunate times, and that the reverse of to-day may lead to great success to-morrow. If he holds on he will come out all right. If he sacrifices his interests he will regret his precipitancy hereafter. To the party who invests in a swindling oil company no advice is necessary. His money was lost from the beginning. No prudence can recover it, and no imprudence increase his loss. To such a one we can only say, in the words of the sage, Benjamin Franklin—

"Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn at no other."

—*Phila. Commercial List.*

The Rebel Pike and His Wife.

A letter from Little Rock, Arkansas, October 14th, says:

The home of this famous rebel and organizer and leader of Indian regiments, still stands in this place a striking monument of the folly and downfall of its owner. It is nominally occupied by Mrs. Pike, who, though now quite aged, still clings to it alone and in its desolation, to preserve it from the clutches of Federal confiscation. In its best estate the house was one of superb appointments externally and internally, finished and furnished without stint of expense. It is now disordered and desolate; and the noble private library of at least seven thousand volumes has all been carried away, except some straggling volumes in foreign tongues, which the rude relic hunters could not read and left behind; nearly all the splendid collection of engravings have disappeared, and a fine organ, piano and harp have been spared the same fate only from their ponderousness. Mrs. Pike is a woman of intense rebel proclivities, and has felt all the accumulated humiliations and defeats of her cherished cause almost as so many personal afflictions. Her reason has fast been losing its supremacy, and she wanders vacantly about amidst the dreary wreck, seeming scarcely to notice anything that passes around her. Not many mornings ago, she was found by those early in the streets, running frantically about at daylight, *en deshabille*, endeavoring to rally the neighbors to resist an infernal plot, which, she said, General Steele was concocting, to massacre the whole city; and was even then wetting a large knife to execute. She will soon be sent through the lines, by flag of truce, to her husband, at Washington, in this state. This gifted and erratic man is described by an officer who once met him face to face in a desperate cavalry charge, as a person of commanding dignity and force. He has a fine muscular frame, the voice of a Stentor, and wears his hair at great length, reaching down to his waist. He sits his horse cavalierly, dashes over fences and ditches with a magnificent contempt, and as he rode at the head of his column, his long hair streaming in the wind, and his powerful voice urging them on to the charge, it is little to be wondered at that the superstitious imagination of the Indians regarded him as an oracle and a sort of demigod. It is easy to divine the source of the almost absolute power which he is said to have exercised among them.

The Diamond.

Great efforts are now being made by French chemists to produce the diamond by artificial means. Strange as it may seem, this most precious of all gems, has been found to be simply pure carbon, just as Sir Isaac Newton prophecied it would be if ever analyzed, although he failed to analyse it, owing to the undeveloped state of chemical knowledge in his day.

Since that fact has been known, it has occurred to the chemists of Europe—France in particular—that to produce a diamond might lie among the possibilities, if not among the probabilities; and so great is their love of experimental science, and so perfect are the adaptations for such researches in the French laboratories, that the problem has become almost as fascinating as the discovery of the philosopher's stone was to the ancient alchemists, and the quadrature of the circle to the mathematicians. How much real progress has been made towards the demonstration of the problem cannot be accurately told; but it seems that they are able to produce, by means of a mixture of carbon and copper filings heated to 800 degs. Fahrenheit, in a porcelain tube, sulphide of copper and graphite, which is the uncrystallized form of pure carbon, but failure to produce the carbon in crystals was the failure of the experiment. It is hoped that future experiments may not only come much nearer than this, but that real diamonds may become so plenty through the genius of civilization that they can be had almost for the asking, and as brilliant as the celebrated Kohinoor; so that all our Biddies can flourish two on each arm and two small ones on each ear, making them for brilliancy of beauty real queens of the kitchen; and that the fops and dandies who are good for nothing else can be decked out in all the glories of Solomon. Thus, we see that science is the handmaid of civilization, and the inveterate enemy of monopoly and high prices.

THE BAD EFFECTS OF MIXING THINGS.—For once the Richmond editors have promptly admitted a defeat. Had there been a shadow of a chance for denying Early's last overthrow, they would have held out until the crack of doom, but it came upon them with such overwhelming conclusiveness that they were forced into an unconditional confession of defeat. They are now at work accounting for it. The prevailing opinion is, that this disaster, like all others they have suffered in the Valley during the present campaign, is the result of Early's attachment to "apple whiskey." This opinion, however, is not unanimous. Another paper accounts for the disaster by saying that after Early's victory he tried to get his captured guns through the streets of Strasburg, but in consequence of the extreme narrowness of said streets, "the captured artillery got *mixed up* with Early's own artillery, and he had to abandon the whole."

"There's wisdom for you." But why did Jubal abandon any of the artillery, captured or otherwise? Ah, why, indeed?—*Phila. Inquirer.*

☞ A man's good fortune often turns his head; bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

Federation of British America.

The scheme of confederation devised by the British provinces in North America is fashioned upon that of the "Home" Government. There is an upper and a lower house of Parliament, with two hundred members in the lower house elected for five years, and seventy-six members of the upper branch appointed by the Crown Officers, and who hold their office for life. This is the same as the House of Lords and the House of Commons, with as little popular control over them as in the British Parliament. The Governor General is also to be an appointed officer from the Crown, and four Lieutenant Governors, for the four Confederate states, the two Canadas, *Acadia and Newfoundland*, are appointed by the Governor General. The Bermudas and the British West India Islands do not appear to be included in the Confederacy. If the people of the colonies are satisfied with this plan of a consolidated Government, their supposed republicanism is of a very mild quality. All they gain by the change is Union, with the privilege of supporting for life those over whom they can have no possible control, because they derive their authority and place from a power on the other side of the Atlantic. How long the British Americans will like to be controlled by those who have no home interest in common with the people is a question which time only can answer.

☞ The editor of the Lewiston Journal has seen a squash weighing 151 pounds. He thinks it is a "big thing."

A Scientific Vegetable Combination of Rare Ingredients—Not a Dye.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. Mrs. Miller, No. 730 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-eow

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Diarrhœa and Dysentery will decimate the volunteers far more than the bullets of the enemy, therefore let every man see to it that he carries with him a full supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Their use in India and the Crimea saved thousands of British soldiers. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cents, and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Gentlemen's Hats.—All the latest styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are compounded so as to reach directly the seat of the disease and give almost instant relief.

Ladies' and Children's Hats.—All styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is more firmness in the Flour market. Sales of 15,000 bbls at $10,25@10,50 for standard and good extras, $10,50@11,50 for low grade and good extra family; $12@12,50 for fancy Western, and $9,50@10 ⅌ bbl for superfine. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce; sales 300 bbls of the former at $9 ⅌ bbl. Buckwheat Meal sells at $5@5,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Wheat is in good demand, with sales of 35,000 bus at 230@250c for good and prime Pennsylvania and Western reds, the latter for amber; 235@255c for Southern do, and 235@270c for inferior and prime white. Rye is selling at 160@165c. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bus are reported at 160@168c for yellow, and 165@170c for white. Oats—Sales of 25,000 bus at 85@88c for Pennsylvania and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The stocks of all kinds are light, with sales of thin and heavy Mess Pork at $41@43, new at $44, cash, and prime at $36@38. Country Mess Beef cannot be quoted over $20 to 24, and city Mess from $25 to 30, cash. Bacon—Sales Hams at 21@24c for plain and fancy bagged; Sides at 21@22c, and Shoulders at 19@20c, cash. Green Meats—The market is nearly bare. Sales of Shoulders, in salt, at 19@19½c ⅌ lb. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 21½@22½c, and kegs at 23½c, cash. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 31@40c; roll at 40@50c; Ohio packed at 36@45c, and Goshen at 50@52c. Cheese—Sales of New York at 19@24c; English dairy at 22c, and Ohio at 17@20c. Eggs are worth 30@35c ⅌ doz.

COTTON—The demand is very small; about 100 bales have been disposed of at $1,15@1,20, cash, for middling quality.

BARK is steady; sales 150 hhds 1st No 1 at $43 ⅌ ton. Tanners' Bark is firm.

BEESWAX—Yellow is firm at 65@67c ⅌ lb.

COAL—The demand is rather more active. Orders from the East are coming in more freely, and prices are $8,75@9,25 ⅌ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Sales 1200 bags at 37@40c for Rio, 37½@40c for Laguayra, and 36c for St Domingo.

FEATHERS are selling at 85@87c ⅌ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are worth from $4 to 5, and Cranberries $10@14 ⅌ bbl. Dried Peaches are scarce, and sales are making at 15@16c for quarters. Apples sell at 8½@9½c ⅌ lb.

HAY moves off at $28@30 ⅌ ton for baled.

HOPS are dull at 45@55c for new, and 30@38c for old.

IRON—There is rather more inquiry, with a few small sales of Pig Iron to note at $55@60 for the three numbers of Anthracite.

LUMBER—The market is dull and unsettled, with a moderate business only to note at $29@32 for White Pine; $24@26 for Yellow Sap; $22@23 for Lehigh Hemlock Boards. White Pine Shingles are selling at $30@35, and Laths at $2,75 ⅌ M, the latter from the yards.

MOLASSES is better, with a small business to note at fully former rates.

PLASTER—A cargo of soft sold at $5,50 ⅌ ton.

RICE—150 bags sold at 13@13½c, cash.

SEEDS—Cloverseed comes in slowly, and new seed finds ready sale at $9,75@10; some small sales of old are reported at $8@8,50 ⅌ bus. Timothy is quoted at $5@5,25 ⅌ bus. Flaxseed has been sold at $3,20@3,30. A sale of red top is reported at $4 ⅌ sack.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue very quiet and prices nominally unchanged. N E Rum is held at 205@210c. Whiskey is dull and unsettled; sales of bbls are reported at 178@179c for Penna and Western, and Drudge at 173@176c.

SUGARS—Sales of 1000 hhds Cuba at 18½@21c.

TALLOW—Sales of City at 16½@17c.

WOOL—The market is quiet but firm; about 150,000 lbs have been disposed of at 90c@$1 for Fleece—and some small lots of Tub at $1,03@1,05 cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from $7 to 16 ⅌ 100 lbs. 3000 Hogs at from $17,00 to 18,50 ⅌ 100 lbs. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 7 to 8 cents ⅌ lb. 100 Cows brought from $20 to 65 ⅌ head.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's FURS. The largest and best stock in the city, at Charles Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oct8-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Oct., by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of Mayor Henry, Edmund Deacon to Catharine L. Mary, both of Philada.

On Thursday evening, 27th of Oct., by the Right Rev. Bishop Lee, of Del., Mr. Richard G. Gill to Miss Bertie A. Noblit, youngest daughter of the late Hamilton Noblit, of Wilmington, Del.

10th mo., 20th, 1864, by Friends' ceremony, Chas. McIlvain, of Chester county, to Sarah G., daughter of Hugh McIlvain, of West Philada.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Charles H. Peacock to Miss Mary E. Clark, both of this city.

On the 18th of Oct., by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Jacob Bennett to Miss Louisa Weaver, both of this city.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. Albert Bruder to Miss Caroline Bayer, both of this city.

On the 15th of Sept., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. Clarence H. Speel to Miss Sallie E., daughter of Jacob Moore, both of this city.

On the 2d of April, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. William D. Young to Miss Lydia Trimble, both of this city.

On the 22d of Oct., by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. Joseph H. Simpkins to Miss Judith C., daughter of the late Capt. Jas. Jeoman, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Lake City, Minnesota, of typhoid fever, after a severe illness of 12 days, Roland Bruce, son of Jos. and Lavinia Hahn, aged 19 years and 29 days. His end was peaceful.

On the 28th of Oct., Louisa J., wife of Wilson Abbott, in her 32d year.

On the 23d of Oct., Rev. Levi H. Christian, D. D., aged 47 years.

On the 26th of Oct., Charles F. Spring, aged 25 years.

On the 24th of Oct., Thomas A. Picken, of Co. F, 83d reg't., P. V., in his 44th year.

On the 24th of Oct., Charles W. Newton, in his 30th year.

On the 23d of Oct., Nehemiah R. Taylor, in his 43d year.

On the 23d of Oct., Joseph Juel, Sr., in his 71st year.

On the 23d of Oct., Mrs. Elizabeth E., widow of Jos. Graff, in her 78th year.

On the 2nd of Oct., Robert Dixon, in his 66th year.

On the 21st of Oct., Mrs. Ann Heil, in her 80th year.

EYRE & LANDELL OFFER WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Best show of MERINOES in town.
Best show of POPLINS in town.
Best show of SILKS in town.
Best show of SHAWLS in town.
Best show of CLOAKS in town. mar19-1y

CORNELIUS & BAKER,
710 CHESTNUT STREET,
Have the pleasure to announce that they are now prepared to furnish
A NEW STYLE OF GAS FIXTURE,
SUITABLE FOR
DWELLINGS, STORES, OFFICES, &c.
WHICH CAN BE
LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.
nov5-4t

WITHERS & PETERSON,
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my2-1y

PERSONAL.—JEWELRY SENT BY MAIL, free of postage, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the following prices:—Single-stone Imitation Diamond Ring, $1; Cluster Imitation Diamond Ring, $2; Heavy Plated Vest Chains, $1; Heavy Plain Rings (will stand the strongest acids), 50 cents; Magnificent Plain Ring, $1; Small Round Black Enameled Ear Drops, 50 cents; Heavy Plated Black Enameled Sleeve Buttons, 25 cents; Gents' Single Stone or Cluster Imitation Diamond Pins, $1; Bracelets, $1; Handsomely chased Medallions, $1; Complete sets Carbuncle Studs and Buttons, $1; Complete sets Black Enameled Studs and Buttons, with Pearl Setting, $1; Fancy Watch Keys, 50 cents; Pen and Pencil, with extension case, $1; Ladies' Long Guard and Chatelaine Chains, $1; Chatelaine Pins, $1; Genuine Gutta Percha Chains, $1; Ladies' and Gents' Miniature Pins, for hair or likeness, $1; Seal Rings, $1; Red or Black Ball Ear Drops, 50 cts per pair. Direct to ESTLIN & MANN,
1t No. 916 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

THE
Young Ladies' Vocal Album,
A COLLECTION OF
Choruses, Trios and Duets,
Originally written for Female Voices, Selected and Adapted for the use of Academies, Seminaries and Singing Classes. By CHARLES D. C. ADAM, teacher of Music at the Buffalo Female Academy. Including a Course of Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios by Rossini. Price $1 50.
OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
nov5-tf Publishers, Boston.

CURL YOUR HAIR, LADIES.—12 years ago I discovered an article that will curl the most short, stiff and stubborn hair on the first application in beautiful, luxuriant massive curls. I will send a sample free, with full directions. Address with stamp, B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. nov5-3t

CANCERS CURED.
CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Address
Drs BABCOCK & TOBIN,
oct8-3m 27 BOND Street, New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
nov?-4t 109 Nassau street, New York City.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$45
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	50
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	55

No. 2 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	75
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	85
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

TERMS, CASH.
Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—see Prospectus. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE, No. 18 North Seventh street, Philadelphia.
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel8-1y

A WATCH FREE,
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Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.
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REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.
A Real Pain Extractor.
It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals
OLD SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS,
&c., &c., as if by Magic. Only 25 cents a box. By mail 12 cents extra. Sold by J. P. DINSMORE,
491 Broadway, New York.
And by all Druggists. oct15-3m

OLD EYES MADE NEW.
A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts.
Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
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ALL COMPLAINTS OF THE EYES CURABLE.—Just arrived from the world-renowned University of Gottingen. I am in possession of a remedy, which surpasses everything which has been invented up to the present time. I have a right to believe that I can claim the full confidence of the respected public. Dr. LOWENKERZ, New York.
Philadelphia—815 S. FOURTH St. nov5-4t

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 12 Whitney, New York. oct8-3m

ELECTRICITY.
WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.
Dr. BROWN cures all acute and chronic diseases by special guarantee, when desired by the patient, at No. 1220 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia, and in case of a failure no charge is made. No drugging the system with uncertain medical agents. All cures performed by Magnetism, Galvanism, or other modifications of electricity, without shocks or any unpleasant sensation.
This discovery is the result of more than ten years' hard and scientific investigations. It develops not only a reliable system for the diagnosis of disease, but the only efficient and reliable means of cure. Its great superiority over all other systems for the cure of disease has been practically tested for more than ten years, and for five years in Philadelphia, where [illegible] thousands of cases have been treated, suffering from almost every form and condition of disease common to all sections of our country, who, after treatment by the most eminent medical men in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and other cities, had been given up as incurable, and in nearly every case a perfect cure has been effected.
We do not wish to convey the impression that we cure all diseases in all conditions. We cannot cure pulmonary consumption after the lungs are half consumed, but will cure every case of consumption in the early and middle stages, and every other disease where a sufficient amount of vitality remains for reaction.
Such, in fact, has been our success in controlling the following diseases that, after an Electrical examination, we will guarantee a cure by special contract when the patient desires it:—
Diseases usually beyond the reach of any medicine, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Tic Doloureux, Headache of all kinds, Nervousness, Inability to collect the Thoughts, Noises in the Head, most cases of Deafness, many cases of Blindness, Impaired Vision, Cross eye, Inflamed or Sore Eyes, Acute Pains, Diabetes, Gravel, Hydrocele, Urinary Troubles, Mercurial diseases, Old Sores, Eruptions of all kinds, Cancers, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Ringworm, Ulcers, Felons, Boils, Burns, Inflammation, St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples, Rheumatism of all kinds, Gout, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Congestion of Body or Brain, Rush of Blood to the Head, Insanity, Stiff Neck, Paralysis, Tremors, Epilepsy, Kidney Complaints, Liver Complaints, Hip and Spine Diseases, [illegible] and Spinal Diseases, [illegible], Malignant Pustule, Deadly Bites of Poisonous Insects and Animals, Diphtheria, Constipation, [illegible], Debility, Milk Leg, White Swelling, Goitre, Paralysis, Dropsy, Palsy, Glandular Swellings, Testing [illegible] Deformed Limbs, remedy Stammering, relax Contracted Joints, save limbs from being Amputated even when mortification has commenced.
Dr. Brown employs the best Electrical talent in this country. Read the following:—
PROF. C. H. BOLLES, LECTURER.
Medical men and others desiring a knowledge of this discovery will be qualified to use the different modifications of Electricity for the cure of all Acute and Chronic diseases. Prof. Bolles has qualified over one thousand physicians who use Electricity as a specialty.
Dr. Brown employs the best Electrical talent in this country.
Read the following certificates of cures performed by Dr. Brown:—
BRONCHITIS AND GENERAL DEBILITY.
Astonishing cure of Chronic Bronchitis and General Debility, of five years' standing, at Dr BROWN'S ELECTRICAL OFFICE. Read the following:—
St. Thomas Township, Franklin County, Pa., August 8, 1863.
About five years ago I was taken with a severe cold, which gradually passed away, leaving my throat in an inflamed and irritable condition. I applied to an Allopathic physician, but without any relief. My general health also failed, with symptoms of consumption. I commenced taking medicine, and was under the medical treatment of five different physicians (also used patent medicines), but received no relief. My throat continued growing worse, and my general health continued to fail. In April, 1861, I addressed a letter to a physician in New York, that I had been taking medicine from, inclosing five dollars for medicine. Soon after dropping the letter in the office I heard of Dr. Brown, Electrical Physician. I concluded to call, and, after hearing his explanation of my disease and mode of treating, I had the letter taken from the post-office, and concluded to go under his treatment; and can say, after going through his course of treatment, I am relieved of disease. My general health is good, and, although I had not been able to work for nine months previous, am now able to work as usual. I would say to the diseased of all classes, throw away medicines, and avail yourselves of the benefits of the recent discoveries in Electricity as applied by Dr. Brown, No. 1220 Walnut street.
SOLOMON CRIDER.

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED OF PHILADELPHIA.
Dr. P. SHEDD, of New York, one of the best and most experienced Electricians in this country, will visit and treat patients at their residence in this city, when desired. He will treat and cure both Acute and Chronic Diseases. All suffering from Acute and Chronic Diseases, unable to come to the office, and desire Dr. Shedd's professional services, will call and consult Dr. Brown, No. 1220 Walnut street.
Dr. Brown employs the best electrical talent in this country.
Read the following certificate of a cure performed by Dr. P. Shedd, now with Dr. Brown, No. 1220 Walnut street:—
New York, Sept 30, 1864.
Dr. R. P. Shedd, Electrician, &c.:—Dear Sir:—Permit me to express in this informal manner my appreciation of your high professional ability, as exemplified in your attention to me personally, while connected with Dr. Chamberlain, of this city, now with Dr. Brown, at No. 1220 Walnut street, Philadelphia. My disease was one of long standing, and difficult to detect as well as difficult to treat, and I assure you, that having been under the treatment of several physicians before I came to you, none were able, or if able, they failed to treat me with even a moderate degree of success. It remained for you, by your skill, to detect my difficulties, and by your careful and faithful treatment of me, to place me on the road to perfect health.
Accept, dear sir, my warmest thanks for your attentions, and my high estimate of your skill in the application of Electricity as a method of cure.
Yours, respectfully, CYRUS COMINGS.

Dr. BROWN employs the best electrical talent in this city.
Read the following certificate of a cure performed by Mrs. S. A. Fulton:—
RHEUMATISM CURED.
West Philadelphia, August 27, 1864.
Dr. W. B. Brown:—I had been afflicted with Rheumatism since April last very severely, it extending over the entire body, causing the most excruciating suffering; for several months was under the best medical care, but grew no better, and finally gave you a call, and placed myself under the care of Mrs. S. A. Fulton, female operator of your establishment. In two weeks I was relieved of all pain, and am now perfectly well. I gladly recommend all ladies suffering to her kind care. MRS. W. E. ROWAN,
West Philadelphia.

REFERENCES.
In addition to the above, the diseased and all interested are referred to the following named gentlemen, that have been treated and witnessed our treatment on others, at No. 1220 Walnut street:—
A. J. Pleasanton, Brigadier-General, Philadelphia; A. Pleasanton, Major-General, St. Louis; W. B. Smith, No. 1022 Hanover street, Philadelphia; Geo. Douglass, No. 26 S. Fifth street; Wm. H. Shriver, Haines street, Germantown; L. C. Stockton, No. 26 Market street, Philadelphia; Chas. H. Grigg, Nos. 219 and 221 Church Alley; Emanuel Rey, No. 707 Sansom street, Attorney-at-law; Isaac D. Guyer, No. 2 Woodland Terrace; H. Craig, No. 1725 Arch street, No. 126 Broad street; Robt. D. Work, No. 51 North Third street; A. G. Croll, N. E. corner Tenth and Market streets.

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P. SHEDD, M. D., | S. W. BECKWITH, M. D.,
And
Mrs. S. A. FULTON.
Mrs. Fulton, a lady of great experience and ability will have entire charge of treating in the ladies department.
Consultation free.
Address all letters to Dr. W. B. BROWN, 1220 WALNUT St. Philadelphia.
oct1-6t

B. FRANK PALMER,
Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
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[illegible] the "PALMER LIMBS" [illegible] *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets, which contain the New Rules for Amputations, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
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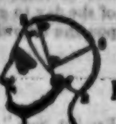
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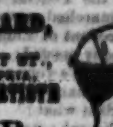
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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. oct8-eowly

IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS.
THE PERUVIAN SYRUP
(A protected solution of the protoxide of iron) supplies the Blood with its *Vital Principle or Life Element, Iron*, thereby infusing
STRENGTH, VIGOR, AND NEW LIFE
into all parts of the system. Pamphlets free.
J. P. DINSMORE,
491 Broadway, New York.
Sold by all Druggists. oct15-3m

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS!
Says a great writer, and in the history of
RARE DISCOVERIES
for the last half century nothing has
LEAPED INTO FAVOR
with the public, so completely, so universally, as
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.
No other is recognized in the world of fashion by either sex. Its swift operation, the ease with which it is applied, the remarkable naturalness of the browns and blacks it imparts, its exemption from all unpleasant odor or caustic ingredients, and its general effect on the hair and skin, are the good and sufficient causes of its unprecedented popularity.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. oct22-6teow

INNOCENT BUT POTENT.—BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—The Never Failing Remedy, whose fame for purifying the Blood, is now extended to every part of the civilized world, and should be in the possession of every one who values health. One or two doses in the commencement, how many days or weeks of sickness may they not prevent? Four Pills in the beginning, is more efficacious than forty doses when the disease is established.
MAN would be happy, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, if, when sick he at once took BRANDRETH'S PILLS. He would not then be weighed down by long attacks of disease. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine for families, or to take to sea—preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. oct22-2teow

DR. TOBIAS'
VENETIAN LINIMENT.
MORE TESTIMONY! This is to certify that for the last five years I have used in my family Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment, and in every instance have found it fully equal to his recommendations. I have found it to give almost instantaneous relief in cases of toothache, croup, bilious colic, sore throat, pains in the chest and back, and rheumatism, and I cheerfully recommend its trial to every one afflicted with any of the above-named diseases.
JAMES H. WARNER,
Hartford, Conn., Oct 16th, 1861.
Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. oct22-6teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

Wise Fiddler.—In the Pennsylvania Legislature, two years ago, there was a member named Charles Wilson, from one of the southern counties, who considered himself among the great orators of the day, and, when pretty well filled with "Harrisburg water," would get off for the edification of his colleagues some very rich illustrations. Being somewhat interested in a bill before the House, he made what he considered one of his master-speeches, during the delivery of which he used the illustration of "Nero fiddling while Rome was burning." He had scarcely taken his seat when a member tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Say, Charlie, it wasn't Nero that 'fiddled,' it was Cæsar. You should correct that before it goes on the record." In an instant he was upon his feet, and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker—I made a mistake. It wasn't Nero that 'fiddled' while Rome was burning; it was *Julius Cæsar*." Happily for him, the speaker was so busily engaged that he did not hear him; but some members near heard and enjoyed the joke. Afterwards some one told him that he was right in the first place, which resulted in his reading all the ancient history in the State Library during the remainder of the winter, to assure himself as to who it was that "fiddled."—*Exchange.*

A Male Topsy.—Here is a very good anecdote, reminding one somewhat of Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy":

During the last winter a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

"What's your name?"

"My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

"No sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist *Sam*."

"What's your other name?"

"I hasn't got no oder name, sah. I'se Sam—dat's all."

"What's your master's name?"

"I'se got no massa now; massa runned away—yah! yah! I'se *free* nigger now."

"Well, what's your father and mother's name?"

"I'se got none, sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—ain't nobody else."

"Haven't you any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sah; neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. *When you see Sam you see all dere is of us.*"

One of Lamb's Best.—Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the road-side, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and, on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

Irish and Scotch Loyalty.—When George the Fourth went to Ireland, one of the "pisintry," delighted with his affability, to the crowd, on landing, said to the toll-keeper, as the king passed through, "Och, now! an' his majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike; how's that?" "Oh! kings never does; we lets 'em go free," was the answer. "Then there's the dirty money for ye," says Pat; "it shall never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Tom Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter Scott, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits. "Now, Moore," replied Scott, "there ye have just the advantage of us; there was no want of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his majesty, except *pay the turnpike*."

The Great Tragedian.—The California editors are a queer set. A sample of their treatment of McKean Buchanan proves it. When announced to visit a certain up-country town, one of 'em spoke of him in this wise:—

"*The Legitimate Drama.*—We are happy to state that the talented American tragedian, McKean Buchanan, supported by a talented stock company, will shortly pay our town a visit, etc."

On the return trip, Mr. Buchanan having failed to "come down," as munificently as was expected, or having exhibited evident partiality for a rival newspaper, we have:—

"Buckean Muchanan, with his one-horse show, was here a few nights ago, we understand. As usual the attendance was slim. Buckean is about played out with our intelligent and discriminating community."

A Grammatical Waiter.—"Waiter, is my chicken a broiling?"

"No, sir, the cook is."

"I didn't order the cook. He is too tough."

"How will you have it done?"

"Why, I want it broiled, to be sure."

"That he is doing, sir."

"But you said he was broiling himself."

"So he is, but he is not being broiled."

"Well, Mr. Waiter, (rising and bowing reverently), may I ask your high grammaticularity, is my chicken being *broiled*?"

☞ Once upon a time a clergyman in a small parish was about to lose one of his parishioners, who asked a letter of dismission to a sister church. The clergyman questioned him as to his motives for leaving. "Have you any fault to find with my preaching, brother?" "Not for myself," was the reply. "What objection has your wife?" followed up the inquisitor. "Oh, none at all!" "Where, then is the trouble, my friend?" "Why, my son says that he can't understand what you mean!" The minister looked sober for a moment, and then rejoined—"Well, brother, I suppose you must go; for I can't preach and find brains too."

THE SAFEST WAY OF TAKING A LADY DOWN TO SUPPER.

Deformity of Female Feet in Tartary.

A work recently published in London, under the title of "Travels on Horseback in Mantchou Tartary," thus describes a peep at the "dear little feet" of the Tartar belles: "Curiosity once compelled me to be one of a party in examining an uncovered foot. The young woman was not at first very ready to remove the shoe and the collection of bands around the limb to satisfy the request we made, but a few dollars quickly reduced her reticence, and also induced another to increase the exhibition. It was no treat. The removal of bandages was like the exhumation of a half-decomposed body, and made our party close their mouths and hold their nostrils, much to the augmented astonishment of the young ladies, while we stretched our necks to see all as quickly as possible. No toe was visible but the big toe: the others had been doubled under the sole, with which, after weeks of suffering and excruciating pain, they had become incorporated and were not to be distinguished from it except by the number of white seams and scars that deeply furrowed the skin. The instep was sadly marked by the vestiges of large ulcers that had covered the surface, consequent on the violence used to bend it into a lump, and in form as well as color was like a dumpling; whilst the limb, from the foot to the knee, was withered and flaccid as that of one long paralyzed. The display was repugnant in every way. We fled, and have been careful ever since to be absent when any more of these living mummies were about to be unrolled."

European Popular Tales.—For a long time it was popularly believed that the tales current in Northern Europe had their originals in the myths of ancient Greece and Rome. But as philosophical studies advanced this error was exploded, and a higher antiquity for the tales was proved and claimed. It is a curious fact, that a tale which has been popularly recited throughout the length and breadth of Europe, in the language of each nation, was lately found written on papyrus, within a tomb of ancient Egypt, and can be traced back to a period as remote as the Israelitish captivity under the Pharaohs.

A recent author alludes to the common ancestry of European nations, and the common origin of their mythologies:

"It is indisputable that the principal races of Europe who are known in history, as well as the high-caste Hindoos and ancient Persians, all belong to the same stock; and that the common ancestors of this Aryan or Indo-European race once dwelt together in the Upper Opus, now under the dominion of the Khan of Bokhara."

Who'll Have the Money?—The following reminds me of a scene I once witnessed on a Mississippi river steamer. There was, as is usual, a large party engaged at play in the cabin—very high play—stimulated by strong passion and strong drink; and a dispute arose as to the rightful winner of the pool. The discussion was very violent, and the language used of the strongest, and intimations were exchanged that when once on shore the matter should be determined by an appeal to something besides words—when suddenly an immensely large man—so tall that he towered by a head above his fellows—arose, and drawing himself up to his full height, cried out—"I'll have none of this! Here's how it's to be"—and he struck the table with his fist a blow that made it resound. "Every gentleman in this cabin has his revolver and his bowie-knife; let us put out the lights and see who'll have the money!" It is needless to say how quick the proposal scattered the company.

☞ Lady Doctors.—"Jennie June" is down upon female doctors. She says: "Lady doctors! from such, the Lord deliver us! The increase of deaths among women would be frightful. There is a natural viciousness among women toward each other, which is totally incompatible with strict justice, and especially mercy. They would purge, and drug, and blister, without feeling the first softening influences from the milk of human kindness within their breasts. Hard and stony, they would have no sympathy with nervous headaches, general debility, incapacity for exertion, and complete prostrations. Women are nearly all treacherous and cruel to each other." We, however, believe better of womanhood than Jennie does.

☞ A woman possessed of genius and literature, is perhaps unnatural; so also the garden rose, the "queen of flowers," the "flower of love" is, by the laws of botany, a monster, yet a lovely one.

AUTUMN SIGNS.

Is there no lesson in the year,
Running her latter seasons out,
No type or shadow in our thoughts,
Whilst fading leaves are strewn about?

Surely we have a sympathy—
Made true by all our hearts have known,
Of faded hopes and ended joys—
With dying leaves and flowers blown.

Are these not things that touch a spring—
Where scenes, both sad and dear, are lain—
In Memory's immortal bower,
That makes the past come back again?

Do they not mind us of the time
When we must also leave the light—
When the last bloom upon our cheek
Shall turn into a deathly white?

When, from its watch-tower called, the soul,
Like a leaf falling from its bough,
Shaking and twining to its goal,
Must draw its gaze, and trembling, go?

Encounter with a Shark.—A gentleman writes from Macao on the 18th of April:—"I was witness to an extraordinary scene in the outward harbor on Saturday last. Several boys from the French Messageries Imperial ship were bathing, when a shark was observed making for them. They heard the cries of their shipmates, and attempted to regain their vessel, distant half a mile. They would have been too late but for an officer belonging to the celebrated Liverpool clipper, Black Seneca, Mr. Lamb, who, arming himself with a sheath knife, sprang from the rail and attacked the monster in his own element. The shark immediately turned upon his antagonist, when occurred a scene more easily imagined than described. Mr. Lamb dived again and again, each time coming up beneath the monster, and succeeded in inflicting several wounds. The sea was literally dyed with the blood of the shark. Several boats having been put off he was dispatched with a harpoon and hauled ashore on the beach. He proved to be a blue shark, fully fifteen feet long."

Brotherly Love.—Were all Christians to dwell on the virtues of their fellows,—were they to talk of each other's excellencies and amiable traits, and throw the veil of Christian charity over each other's little faults, how much more love there would be among the followers of Christ! How much more enjoyment among Christians! And how much more success would attend the preaching of the truth! The example of Christians would then convince the world of the reality of religion, and the unanimous exclamation of the world would be: "See how these Christians love." Christians then would be one, and the world would know how to be followers of Christ. Then let us love one another, and be more anxious to see in each other something of the likeness of Christ, than to notice and talk of each other's faults.

AGRICULTURAL.

Working Oxen.

I have long found that in all heavy farming operations oxen are most useful, and am convinced every farmer with one hundred acres of arable land, could work one or two pair to great advantage; for deep ploughing, oxen will draw greater weights and are as quick as horses. In lighter operations the horse surpasses them in speed, but every improvement in agriculture now tends to deep, consequently slow, work, and until steam is adapted to drawing our implements, oxen will be most useful. They cost much less to keep, and improve daily in value; they are easily broken in, may be worked for a few months during a busy season of the year and then fed off. The application of steam to our threshing machines, turnip and chaff cutters, and the railways lessening the distance at which many deliver their grain has diminished the winter work of many farmer's horses. Oxen would in these cases, prove very beneficial in summer. I know one large occupier who commonly buys every spring four or six pairs of working oxen, uses them until all the turnips are sown and cleaned, and then feeds them off in his stalls; and by this course has his work done at two-thirds less cost than by keeping a large number of horses. As a practical farmer, I should be very sorry to be without some oxen as auxiliaries to my horse teams.—*R. W. Wilmott, in the London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Preserving Roots.

Mr. Mechi, the great English farmer, whose root crops are the wonder of all beholders, recommends the following method of packing and storing roots:

"It is the greatest possible mistake to store roots in a dry condition, and free from soil; they die and then rot, the same as we ourselves should when our vitality had departed. They are never in a better condition to store, than when the sticking clay comes up attached to the roots of the bulb—the more clay the better. You will find this clay full of fine white living fibres, proving that the vitality of the plant still remains. Your great object should be to keep this earth and these fibres in a moist condition, by preventing evaporation. Nothing will do this better than soft barley straw, not loosely and carelessly thrown on the clamp, but laid straight as thatch. The additional cost is only 9d. per acre, or 7s. on a clamp, and it may save many tons of roots from rotting. Having thatched the clamp, we then cover it well with earth that has been ploughed up round the clamp, leaving some pipe holes at the top. It is a great mistake to throw the mangel or roots into small heaps on the field when pulled, and let them lie waiting for carting. The earth gets dried and falls from them on a second handling. They ought to be pulled, thrown into the cart, and conveyed to the clamp. I look upon this as most important, the earth attached to the roots being retained.

"I observed to-day that the mangled bulbs taken from the clamp had the wet clay sticking to the roots, the bulb being as juicy, heavy and crisp as when taken up more than six months since. A friend of mine having a very fine piece of white turnips which he wished to preserve for his cows, pulled them, and placed the bulbs touching each other, with the tops on a pasture close to the homestead. The turnips fibred in the grass, the foliage protected the bulb in the severe frost, and his turnips remained available. They occupied a very small space when so packed. It is a great mistake to uncover the top of your clamp in the spring. Keep out the air.

What Pears Shall I Plant?

If a farmer were to say to us that he was about to plant twenty-five pear trees for profit—that is, for market purposes—and that he desired a suggestion as to the varieties and number of each variety he should set out, we would have no hesitation in giving him the following list:—Four Early Catharine, four Julians, five Manning's Elizabeth, three Bartlett, five Seckel, and four Potts. These ripen in the order they are placed.

It appears that these varieties do well everywhere, and are therefore particularly adapted to general cultivation. They are very productive, the trees hardy and vigorous in their growth, and the fruit generally perfect. The Early Catharine and Seckel are not early bearers, but when they once commence they seldom fail in giving an abundant crop.

In purchasing the trees be careful to select good specimens; have them taken up with all the roots possible; transplant with every attention; stake firmly, placing the stakes at an angle, with the head to the northeast; keep the ground stirred two feet from the stem all round; and allow no cattle to disturb them.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Jelly of Codliver Oil.—M. Dufourmantle proposes the following recipe for preparing a jelly of this disagreeable medicine. Take of codliver oil, 30 grammes; isinglass, 2 grammes; water, a sufficient quantity to dissolve the isinglass. When the latter is dissolved, add the oil gradually, stirring constantly, aromatising it at the same time with anise or other oil, 4 drops. A large tablespoonful is a dose.

Hard Times Fruit Cake.—Two cups of dried apple soaked over night, chopped rather coarse; three cups of molasses, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful soda, all kinds of spice, flour as you would cup-cake. This will make two loaves.

To Cure Hams.—To every 16 pounds of ham take one pint of pure salt, and one ounce of saltpetre. Pack in a clean oak cask, sprinkling the salt between the layers of meat. Dissolve the saltpetre and pour it over the whole, adding sufficient pure water to cover. Soft water is best. Let them lie *under* the brine six weeks, then smoke.

To Make Mulligatawney after the East Indian Fashion.—Obtain a knuckle of veal of 4 lbs. or 5 lbs. in weight; place the same in a gallon of cold water, in a clean saucepan, and allow it to simmer over a clear, gentle charcoal fire, taking care to skim off the whole of the superfluous scum from the surface; let it remain seething until the fluid is reduced to about one-half of its original quantity. Have at hand a couple of capons or fowls ready for use; let one of these be cut into 4 quarters, and the other remain entire. Then remove the saucepan from the stove, abstract all the meat from the gravy, and suffer the latter to become cool. Now introduce your capon whole into the saucepan, with the quarters of the second fowl, and restore the vessel containing them once more to the fire, allowing it to simmer for 20 minutes. Submit 2 large tablespoonsful of the purest genuine East Indian curry powder, with a sufficiency of salt to flavor, to your gravy in the saucepan, occasionally keeping it stirred with a wooden spoon until the capon is thoroughly done. Then remove the liquor into a soup tureen, and place your capon whole into a dish in front of it, with the four quarters arranged around it. The poultry can be then disposed of in soup plates at the convenience of the parties assembled, with a sufficient supply of the mulligatawney soup served out to them with a ladle. A covered dish of steamed or boiled rice should invariably accompany a tureen of mulligatawney, whilst the East Indian connoisseurs in the gastronomical circles are in the usual practice of expressing the juice of a lime (lemon) over their curry soup, to improve its flavor. The veal, if required, can be served up, warmed with a supply of parsley and butter after the usual fashion.—D. G.

Bird's Nest Pudding.—Make the foundation of the nest of blancmange, or calf's foot jelly, or prepared corn; rasp the skin of 3 lemons and preserve it; then lay it round and on the mange like the straw. Take out the contents of 4 eggs through a small hole, and fill the shell with hot blancmange, or prepared corn. When cold, break off the shells and lay mange in the nest. A beautiful dessert.

☞ New explanation of "the golden mean"—to have gold, and to be too mean to use it.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 50, 15, 42, 33, 10, 29, was one of the Twelve Apostles.
My 18, 34, 26, 47, 38, 30, 3, is a book of the New Testament.
My 44, 23, 24, 46, 6, is a country of Asia Minor.
My 32, 12, 37, 14, 16, 1, was a province of Syria.
My 26, 18, 34, 9, 3, 41, 42, 40, 4, 52, 36, 42, is what the Holy Bible is.
My 46, 43, 19, 23, 21, 27, was a prophet.
My 11, 29, 5, 18, was a woman of Moab.
My 45, 54, 2, 25, 39, was a city of Mysia.
My 35, 53, 7, 13, 8, was a heathen goddess.
My 49, 10, 20, 53, 11, was one of the Twelve Apostles.
My 22, 46, 4, 34, is a word often used in the Bible.
My 38, 31, was King of Bashan.
My 17, 48, 51, is a measure.
My whole is one of Solomon's sayings.
EVA.

Riddle.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One hundred placed on paper white,
And fifty following it all right;
Between the latter and five hundred
A circle draw. If you've not blundered,
You'll have or see, if you're not blind,
What surely covers all mankind. L.
Swampscott, Mass.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a title.
My second is a measure.
My third is a descendant.
My whole is an important battle of the present rebellion. IVY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JOE ROSS, Jr.

My first is a manner of cooking.
My second is a business or employment.
My whole is the name of a line of sovereigns.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, I am a kind of fruit. Behead me, and I become a kind of seed. Transpose me, and I am a verb meaning *to cut down*. Transpose again, and another fruit stands in view. Curtail me, and I am a vegetable. Transpose me now, and I become an animal. And finally, curtail and transpose me, and I remain a nickname for a parent. S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, O.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in rap, but not in knock.
My 2d is in key, but not in lock.
My 3d is in gage, as well as in plum.
My 4th is in care, but not in gloom.
My 5th is in guess, but not in know.
And my whole would be very welcome now.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From the extremities of the base of a triangular tract of land, lines are drawn bisecting the opposite sides; at the vertices of this piece of land are situated the residences of three gentlemen; at a point within this tract is a *well* which is equally distant from the residence of each; and a straight line is drawn parallel to the base, cutting the sides in the points of bisection, thus making a triangle similar to the whole triangular tract. The base of the tract of land is 480 rods, the sides 640 and 720 rods respectively. Required, the length of the bisecting lines, the distance from each residence to the well, and the area of the similar triangle?

JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a farm in the form of a trapezoid. The parallel sides, A B, C D, run east and west, and the eastern side, B C, is a meridian. The diagonals cross each other at right angles. Given, the sum of the sides A B, B C, and C D, 185 perches, and the sum of the diagonals 175 perches, to determine the area. To be solved by quadratics. WALTER SIVERLY.
Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are Germans heavy people? Ans.—They are all Teutons (two tons.)

☞ Why is the letter E like the Creation? Ans.—Because it is the beginning of earth.

☞ Why is the letter Y like the retina? Ans.—Because it is in the middle of eye.

☞ What three vowels spell one of the United States? Ans.—I O A.

☞ Why is a man at a menagerie like a sailor on a voyage? Ans.—Because he is going to see (sea.)

☞ When is a horse not a horse? Ans.—When it is turned into a stable.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Stephen Decatur. RIDDLE—The roots of the vegetable kingdom. CHARADE,—Matapan, (Mat-a-pan.) RIDDLE — Liberty.—ANAGRAMS—Lorain, Wapello, Hillsdale, Elkhard, Tipton, Eaton, Orange, Laporte, Medina, Nodaway, Logan, Huron, Scotland, Marathon, Christian, Athens, Decatur, White.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM, published Sept. 3d:—3, 4, and 5. W. Siverly, S. Horace G., Morgan Stevens and the author.

Answer to W. Siverly's PROBLEM, same date: 10.9585836, 15.56277096, and 12.16300064.

Answer to Eros's PROBLEM, published Aug. 13th:—H. equals 6658, F. equals 9075, and R. equals 1972.

☞ The way to put down butter; spread it on nice, sweet, fresh bread.